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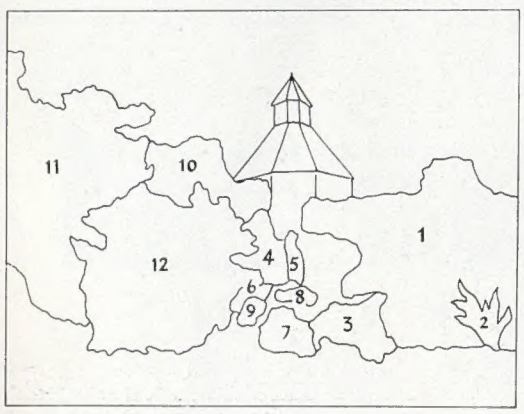

Nymans, Sussex

Photographed in early May by Percy Hemmant

Romantic enough to be a setting for Beauty and the Beast, the gardens at Nymans surround a house largely gutted by fire, where climbers creep around the glassless mullions and over the gables. Nymans is full of unusual plants, many of them very rare; the rich acid soil makes it possible to grow all kinds of plants, and the mild local climate allows quite tender ones to thrive.

To the right of the stone dovecot a huge specimen of *Camellia japonica* Adolphe Audusson (1) carries innumerable flowers, as camellias will (despite popular misconception) over many spring months in almost any garden with acid soil. Below it grows a bush of aromatic rosemary, *Rosmarinus officinalis* (2), and a specimen, still small, of the Star Magnolia, *M. stellata* (3), its multi-petalled flowers appearing before the leaves. The popular *M. soulangiana* (4) is a bigger plant with ivory, pink-flushed bowls of flower. In the corner of the wall clings white *Clematis armandii* (5) with its evergreen leaves like hands, and in the foreground is a cluster of dwarf rhododendrons—crimson *R. neriiflorum* (6), bright purplish pink *R. tephropeplum* (7), *R. augustinii* (8) and its almost blue hybrid, Blue Diamond (9). Carrying on the display with its red-spotted pinkish flowers will be the tall *R. yunnanense* (10). More like the popular idea of rhododendrons is the big plant which the Nymans' gardener knows as Thomas (11), of unknown history but probably raised there. The bold orange bush below is *Berberis darwinii* (12), a Chilean named after Charles Darwin, its discoverer in 1835 on his famous *Beagle* voyage. One of the finest evergreen shrubs, its flowers are replaced in autumn by massed bluish berries.

Nymans Gardens, owned by the National Trust, are on the south-east edge of Handcross, 4½ miles south of Crawley, on B 2114, just off A 23, and are open on Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, Sundays and Bank Holiday Mondays from April to October, from 2 p.m. to 7 p.m. (or dusk).

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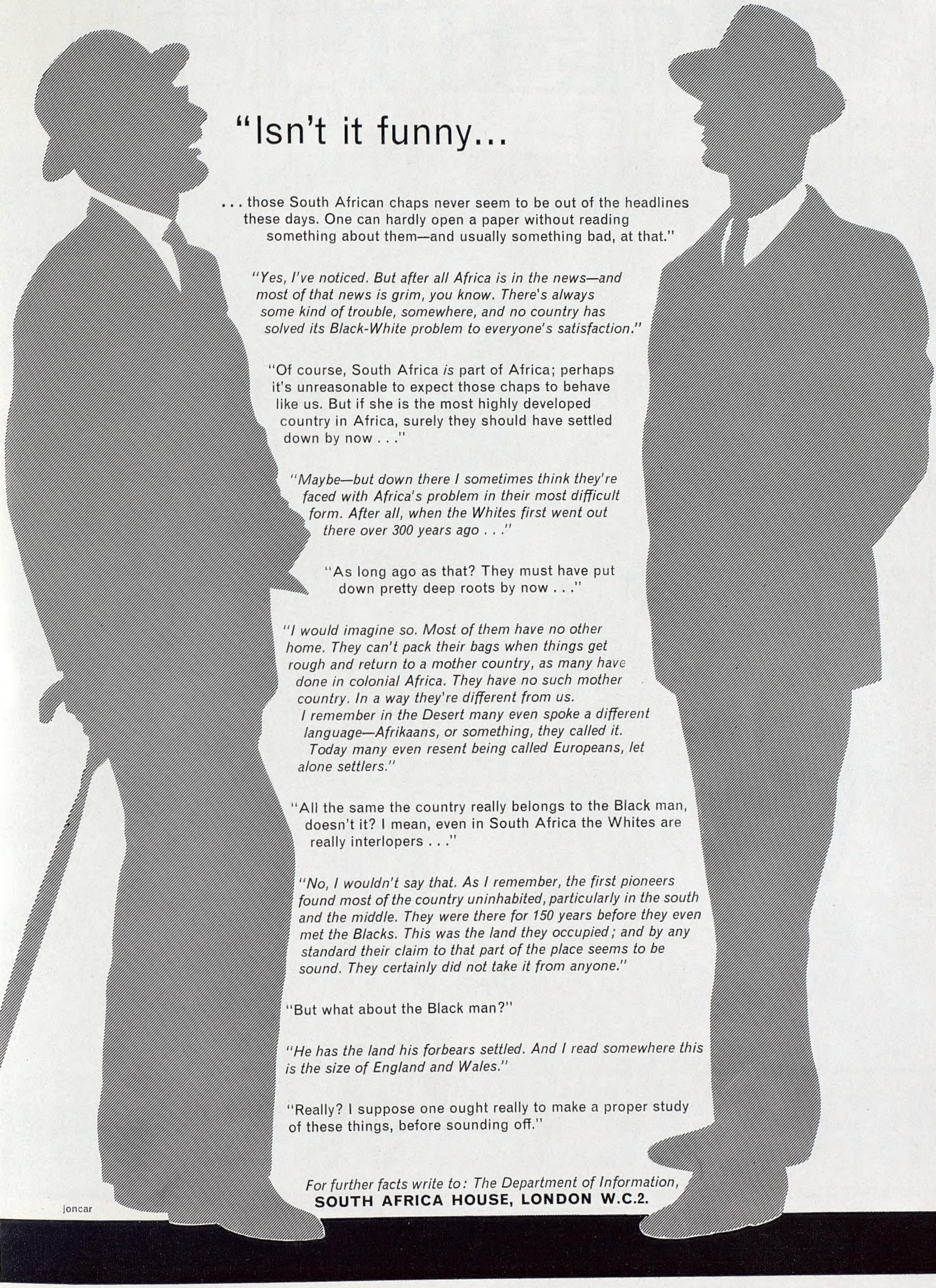

"Isn't it funny...

. . . those South African chaps never seem to be out of the headlines these days. One can hardly open a paper without reading something about them—and usually something bad, at that."

"Yes, I've noticed. But after all Africa is in the news—and most of that news is grim, you know. There's always some kind of trouble, somewhere, and no country has solved its Black-White problem to everyone's satisfaction."

"Of course, South Africa *is* part of Africa; perhaps it's unreasonable to expect those chaps to behave like us. But if she is the most highly developed country in Africa, surely they should have settled down by now . . ."

"Maybe—but down there I sometimes think they're faced with Africa's problem in their most difficult form. After all, when the Whites first went out there over 300 years ago . . ."

"As long ago as that? They must have put down pretty deep roots by now . . ."

"I would imagine so. Most of them have no other home. They can't pack their bags when things get rough and return to a mother country, as many have done in colonial Africa. They have no such mother country. In a way they're different from us.
I remember in the Desert many even spoke a different language—Afrikaans, or something, they called it.
Today many even resent being called Europeans, let alone settlers."

"All the same the country really belongs to the Black man, doesn't it? I mean, even in South Africa the Whites are really interlopers . . ."

"No, I wouldn't say that. As I remember, the first pioneers found most of the country uninhabited, particularly in the south and the middle. They were there for 150 years before they even met the Blacks. This was the land they occupied; and by any standard their claim to that part of the place seems to be sound. They certainly did not take it from anyone."

"But what about the Black man?"

"He has the land his forbears settled. And I read somewhere this is the size of England and Wales."

"Really? I suppose one ought really to make a proper study of these things, before sounding off."

For further facts write to: The Department of Information,
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Volume CCLII No. 3270

LONDON, February 2, 1963

THE SPHERE

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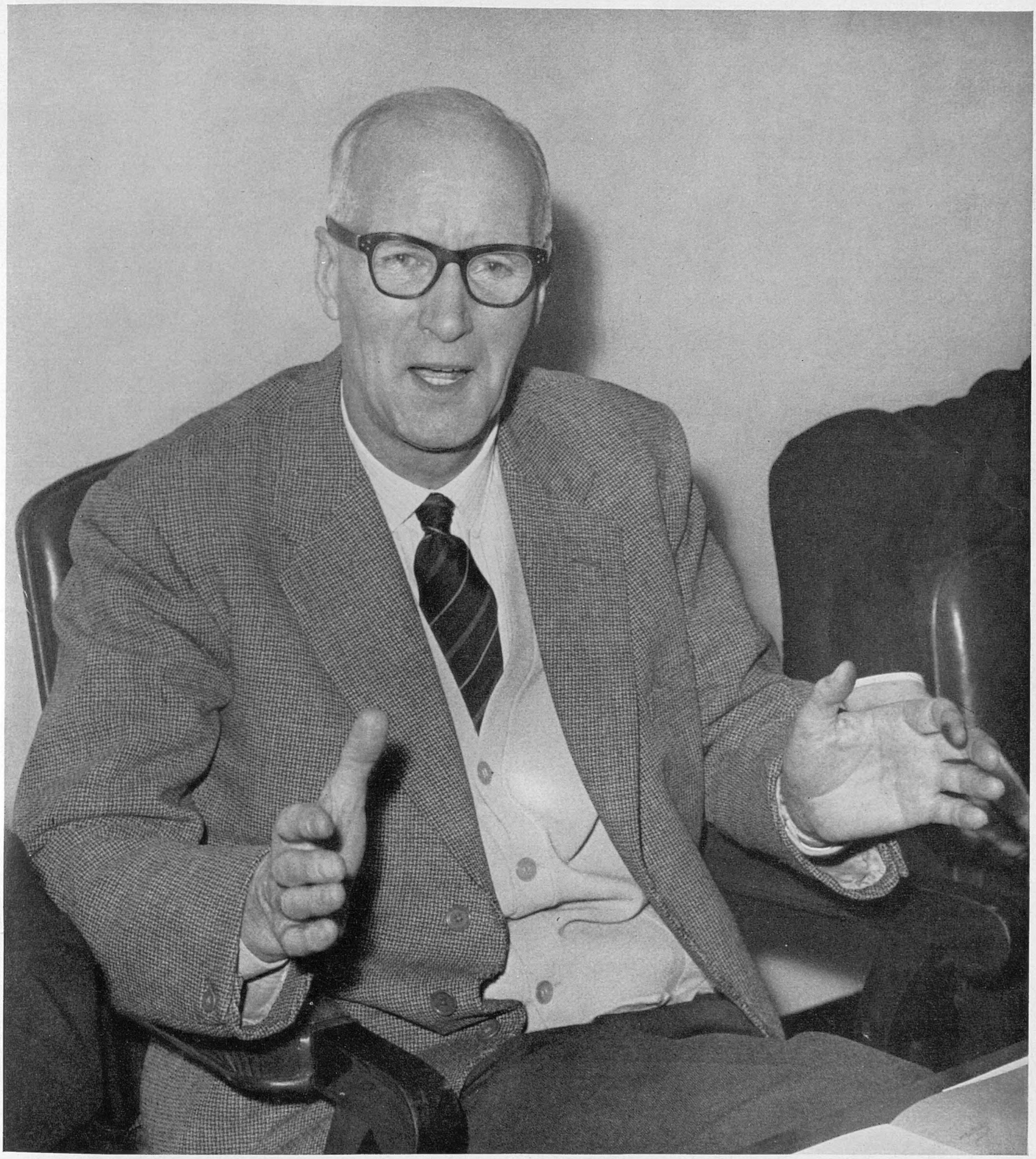

THE POWER CRISIS

Sir Christopher Hinton, the chairman of the Central Electricity Generating Board, speaks at a Press conference in London. This was held last weekend as the slow thaw crept over England, bringing a reprieve to power supplies. Sir Christopher said the electricity system was emerging from the worst crisis it had ever faced. Main cause was fog, often polluted with smoke, freezing onto insulators and switchgear, causing "flashovers." At one time the situation was so bad that the normally unified grid had broken into five separate parts. In Luton, last Saturday, more than 80,000 families in the area were without electricity for over 18 hours. Britain's largest power station, at High Marnham in Nottinghamshire, broke down twice from a combination of ice, dirt and fog on the insulators in the switching compound. Other supply industries were badly hit but were returning to normal at the beginning of this week—the National Coal Board mounted a massive lift on railways and roads to carry needed fuel. Gas supplies, too, were returning to normal. The thaw brought an emergency to water supplies as pipes burst, damaging thousands of homes

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THE DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER OF MALAYA SEES THE WORK OF THE ROYAL MALAYAN NAVY

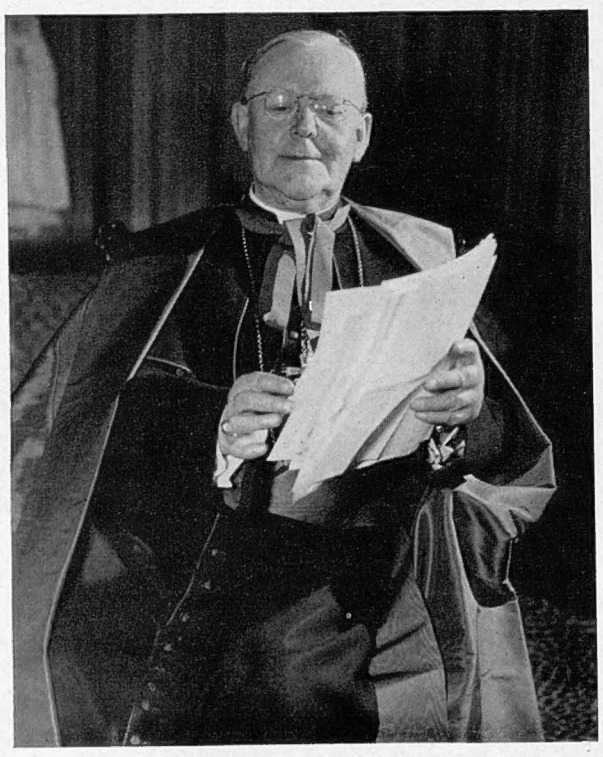
The deputy Prime Minister of the Federation of Malaya, Tun Abdul Razak bin Hussein (second from left), looks at a model used in instructing trainees, during his visit to K.D. *Malaya*, Singapore (K.D. is the equivalent of H.M.S.). In his capacity as Minister of Defence, Tun Abdul Razak recently spent about 1½ hours at the naval establishment, accompanied by the Malayan Chief of Naval Staff, Captain A. M. Synott, and the Commanding Officer of K.D. *Malaya*, Captain R. F. Tibatts. He praised the work of the Royal Malayan Navy in patrolling the coast of the Federation and warned the men that the Navy would have a greater challenge and increased responsibility when Malaysia came into existence

BRITISH CHIEF OF POLARIS SUBMARINES

Below right: Rear Admiral H. S. Mackenzie sits at his desk at the Admiralty in London. It was announced last week that he had been chosen as Chief Polaris Executive. His appointment was described as the first step in implementing the decisions reached at the Nassau conference concerning the supply of Polaris submarines to the Royal Navy. Admiral Mackenzie, who is 49, was Flag Officer Submarines

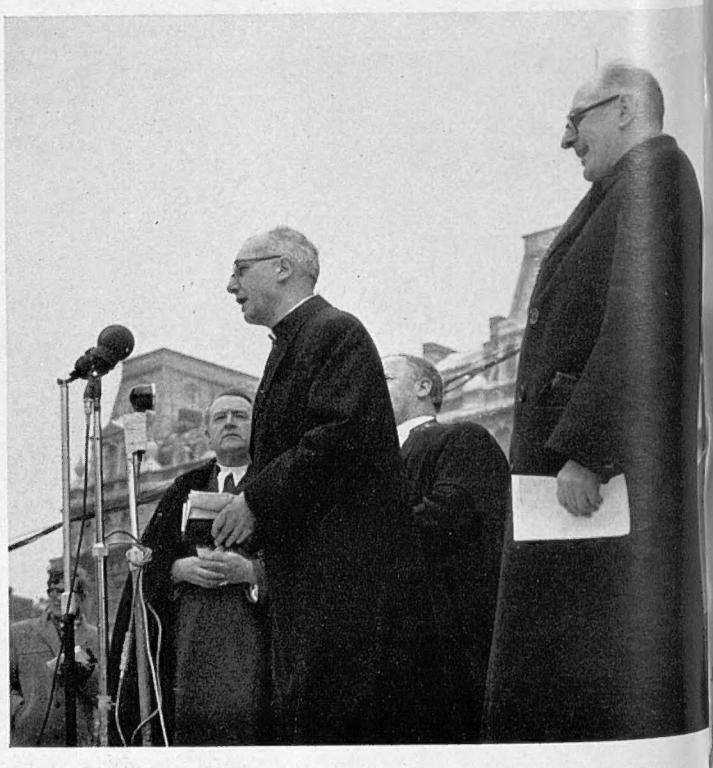
TO BE THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET

Far right: With Nelson's famous flagship *Victory* in the background, the Rev. R. W. Richardson, Chaplain of Portsmouth Dockyard, walks along the quayside. It has been announced that on March 15 he will succeed Archdeacon J. Armstrong as Chaplain of the Fleet. Mr. Richardson entered the Royal Navy as a chaplain in 1939



THE LATE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER

His Eminence William, Cardinal Godfrey, Archbishop of Westminster since 1956, died on January 22. He was aged 73. Born in Liverpool, he studied for the priesthood at Ushaw College, Durham, and at the English College in Rome, to which he returned as Rector in 1930. Eight years later he was made resident Apostolic Delegate in England. This post had been in abeyance for many years and was concerned with ecclesiastical matters in contrast to the diplomatic concern of the Nunciature. In 1953 he was appointed Archibishop of Liverpool. Dr. Godfrey was raised to the purple in 1958

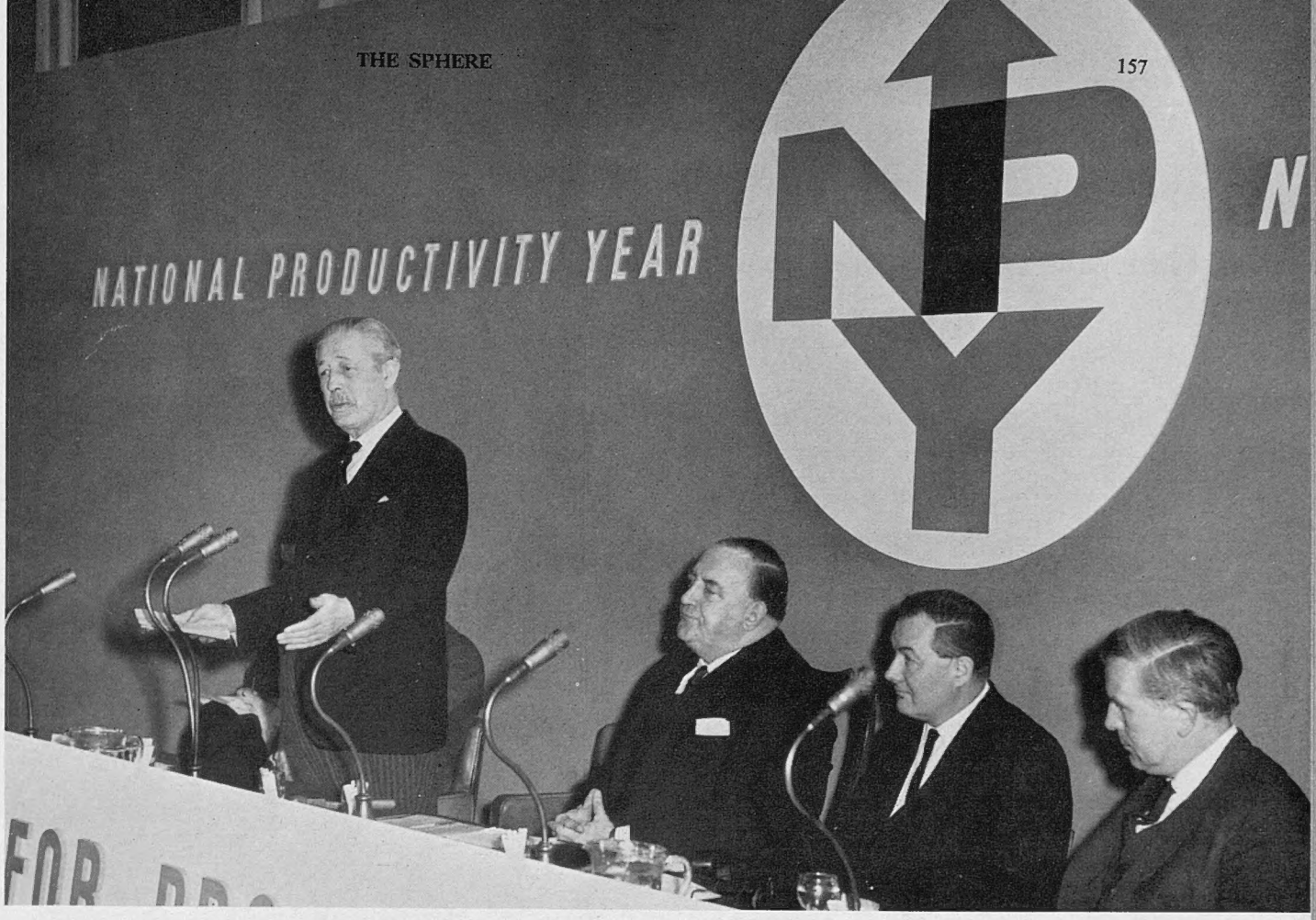


CHRISTIANS DEMONSTRATE FOR UNITY

Far right: Monsignor Gordon Wheeler, the Administrator of Westminster Cathedral, reads from the Bible at a Christian Unity rally in Trafalgar Square, London. It was attended by representatives of all major Christian denominations, to inaugurate an international week of prayer for Christian Unity

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Mr. Macmillan addresses the National Productivity Year Rally in London. Seated on the platform from left are Lord Netherthorpe, Chairman of the British Productivity Council; Mr. James Callaghan, the Labour Party Shadow Chancellor; and Mr. Jo Grimond, Leader of the Liberal Party. In his speech at the rally last week the Prime Minister stressed that increased productivity in Britain meant more jobs. He went on, " Efficient use of resources means more competitive prices. That is why labour and management are working together in this productivity year to try to see that both are efficiently used." Mr. Callaghan said all three parties were united in the need for securing increased productivity



AN ALL-PARTY APPEAL TO INCREASE PRODUCTIVITY IN BRITAIN

At the dinner given by Lord Home, the Foreign Secretary, at Lancaster House, in honour of the Philippine Delegation to the Anglo-Philippine talks in London, are, from left, Senor Peralta, the Philippine Secretary of Defence; Mrs. Thorneycroft; Mr. Thorneycroft, Minister of Defence; Mme. Peralta; Lord Home; Mme. Salonga; and Senor Lopez, Philippine Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The talks, concerned with security and stability in South-East Asia and particularly defence arrangements, were postponed last week owing to the illness of Senor Pelaez, the Philippine Foreign Minister. They were expected to be held this week. Particular subjects to be discussed probably included the Brunei revolt and the independent Malaysian Federation

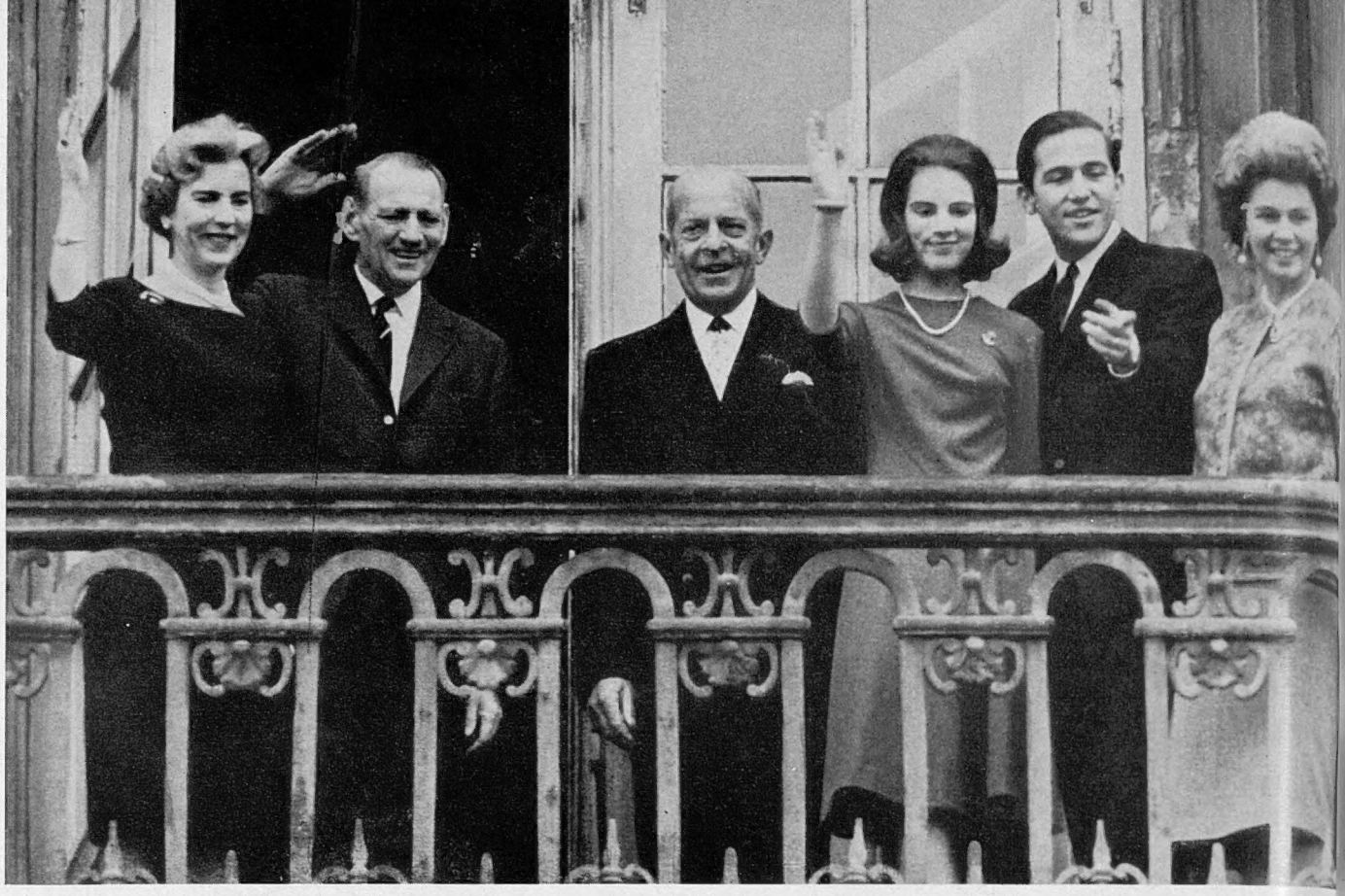
DEFENCE TALKS IN LONDON BETWEEN BRITAIN AND THE PHILIPPINES

SIGNING THE FRANCO-GERMAN TREATY

In the Elysée in Paris, Dr. Adenauer, the West German Chancellor, and President de Gaulle, sign the Franco-German treaty of co-operation. This is the basis for consultative alignment on foreign, military and cultural policies. It also contains a common declaration which hails the end of four centuries of quarrels and wars and describes the accord as an essential step on the way to a united Europe. The signing was the culmination of Dr. Adenauer's visit to Paris last week for long talks with President de Gaulle, but it was overshadowed by the crisis in the EEC over President de Gaulle's apparent attempt to block Britain's entry. Dr. Adenauer was reportedly under strong pressure from his Government to make out a strong case for Britain's joining

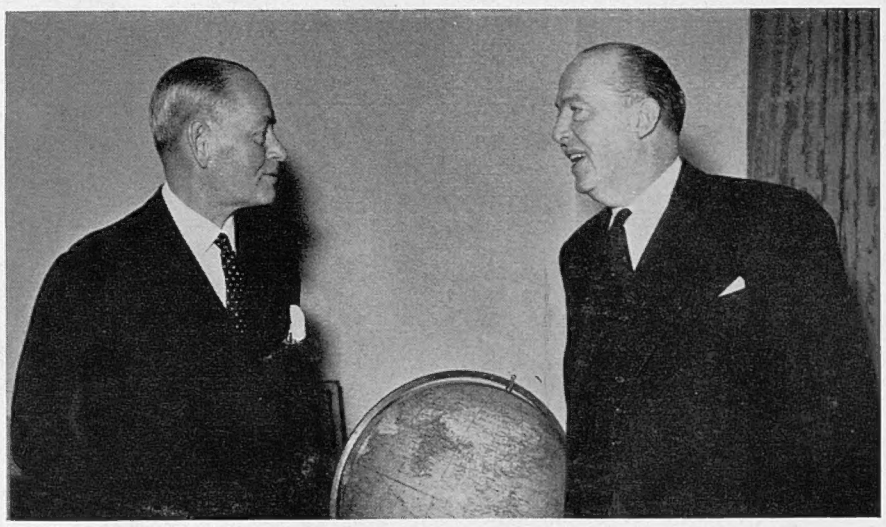
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Waving to the crowds from the balcony of the Amalienborg Castle in Copenhagen are, from left, Queen Ingrid and King Frederik of Denmark, King Paul of the Hellenes, Princess Anne-Marie, Prince Constantine and Queen Frederika. It was announced last week that King Frederik and Queen Ingrid had given their consent to the engagement of their youngest daughter, Princess Anne-Marie (age 16), to Prince Constantine, the 22-year-old heir to the Greek throne. Official celebrations, attended by guests from all over Europe, were held at the Amalienborg Castle. The wedding will take place next year when Princess Anne-Marie will have finished her studies



THE ENGAGEMENT OF PRINCESS ANNE-MARIE OF DENMARK AND PRINCE CONSTANTINE OF GREECE

Dr. Stikker, the NATO Secretary General, and Mr. Thorneycroft, the Minister of Defence, are photographed at the beginning of their two-day talks at the Ministry of Defence in London. Before leaving for Paris last weekend, Dr. Stikker said that the talks had included the Nassau agreement on which he found the British Government's attitude positive and constructive. Part of the agreement covers British support of the concept, urged by President Kennedy, of a multilateral NATO nuclear force. There was to be a full-scale, two-day debate in the Commons this week on a Government motion which approves the Nassau agreement



NATO TALKS ON THE NASSAU AGREEMENT

Far right: Mr. Walton A. Cole, general manager of Reuters since 1959, died suddenly at his office in Fleet Street last Saturday, aged 50. He joined the world-famous news agency in 1942, having entered journalism in 1927. Among tributes paid to him were messages from Mr. Macmillan and U Thant, the U.N. Secretary-General. The Prime Minister said, " Throughout the world he had won the highest regard for his shrewd and untiring services to journalism "

REUTERS' CHIEF DIES IN LONDON

MR. KHRUSHCHEV AMONG THE FAITHFUL

At the end of his visit to East Berlin for the East German Communist Party's Congress, the Russian Prime Minister leaves to return to Moscow. With him is Herr Ulbricht (extreme left), the East German Communist leader. During the Congress proceedings the East German Communists showed themselves most faithful supporters of Mr. Khrushchev in the ideological struggle between Russia and China over Communism. Soon after he reached Moscow, the Chinese Communists returned to the attack. Pekin newspapers printed reports of speeches made at the Berlin Congress, including that of Mr. Khrushchev. He and his followers were accused of "openly and crudely" attacking the Chinese Communist Party and "other parties adhering to Marxist-Leninism"

NEWS SUMMARY

Week of crisis for the EEC; the contest for the Labour leadership; British reinforcements for Brunei and Borneo; the future of Swaziland

COMMON MARKET

The Foreign Ministers of the six members of the EEC gathered in **Brussels** on Monday for what might be the crucial meeting on the future of the Common Market. There was little optimism among the delegations of the Five (the countries supporting Britain's entry) that the French desire to end these negotiations could be reversed. But on the other hand there was little sign last week that their unity in face of President de Gaulle's intransigence had cracked. It was widely reported from Brussels that the German delegation, led by Dr. Schröder the Foreign Minister, had a proposal to lay before the EEC meeting, presumably on the lines that a report should be speedily drawn up to show the progress already made in the negotiations. Tactically for the pro-British bloc this would show that French fears that Britain's entry was impossible under the terms of the Treaty of Rome were unfounded. Mr. Heath, the Lord Privy Seal, and Mr. Sandys, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations and Colonies, flew to Brussels to stand by.

The crisis in the EEC has had repercussions throughout the Western Alliance. While Mr. Krag, the Danish Prime Minister, was on an official visit to **Paris**, President de Gaulle suggested that Denmark might, without Britain, apply for full membership in the EEC. His surprising suggestion was met with reserve in the Danish Parliament. It was emphasised that Denmark envisaged joining a Common Market which included Great Britain. In **Rome** last weekend Signor Fanfani, the Italian Premier, speaking in Parliament, strongly attacked the French Government, saying that opposing Britain's entry was a fatal error, and describing the Franco-German treaty as harmful to the Common Market, to the progress of European unity and to the future of NATO. (For the Franco-German treaty, see page 157.)

It became known in **Washington** that Dr. Adenauer had written to President Kennedy to explain the Franco-German treaty and the nature of his talks with President de Gaulle. Up to the beginning of this week President Kennedy and Mr. Rusk, the Secretary of State, spoke of the French stand with studied moderation to avoid exacerbating French fears that the U.S., by supporting Britain under a "special relationship," sought dominance in the EEC. Nothing was said officially about President Kennedy using trade sanctions to put pressure upon the French Government.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Parliamentary Labour Party began its first ballot to choose its new leader. Mr. Patrick Gordon Walker, Shadow Minister of Defence, announced he would not accept nomination. Last Monday the choice lay between three candidates, Mr. George Brown, Mr. Harold Wilson and Mr. James Callaghan.

The number of unemployed rose to 814,632, the highest figure since 1947. This was a jump of 248,476 in one month. Worst-hit industry was building, chiefly because of the weather. The Government announced that unemployment, sickness and injury benefits would go up on or about March 7 and other National Insurance benefits on or about May 27. The cost is to be largely met from increased National Insurance contributions.

BORNEO

British paratroops from Singapore have been sent to the oil-rich Sultanate of Brunei, it was announced last Monday. It was reported that Indonesian troops were massing on the border between Indonesian Borneo and British North Borneo. Shortly before this it was learned that 2,000 officers and men of the strategic reserve had been alerted in Britain to move by air to Singapore and Borneo. It was understood there were fears of renewed trouble in Brunei, which is on the north-west coast of Borneo. In **Kuala Lumpur** Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Prime Minister of Malaya, spoke of "mounting tension" in Brunei and neighbouring Sarawak.

At the same time Hadji Ahmad Zaini, a close supporter of Shaikh Azari, leader of last December's revolt in Brunei, arrived in Hong Kong and was granted protective custody (i.e., the right to stay in the colony under official protection). The revolt in December was against the proposal for a Greater Malaysia of Malaya, Sarawak, Brunei, British North Borneo and Singapore. Both Indonesia and the Philippines were said then to be supporting the rebels.

Mr. Edward Heath, the Lord Privy Seal, leaves London Airport for the Brussels talks

IRAN

An overwhelming vote of support for the Shah's social reform programme was given in the national referendum last Sunday. **Teheran,** the capital, was reported to have voted 521,074 in favour to 834 against. The reforms include the redistribution among the peasants of landed estates, profit-sharing schemes for industry, campaigns against illiteracy and legislation to end corrupt practices in elections. Opposition came from the landlords who would lose their lands under the reforms, religious leaders, who would lose much income from endowed land, and from the National Front Party, which claimed the referendum was unconstitutional because the Shah had by-passed Parliament and appealed direct to the people. Before the polling there were riots and arrests in Teheran, but referendum day reportedly passed off quietly.

AFRICA

Mr. Butler arrived in Zomba, **Nyasaland,** last Sunday. He was to have talks with Dr. Banda, who becomes Prime Minister of Nyasaland from February 1. In some quarters it was expected the date for the secession of Nyasaland from the Central African Federation would be announced a day or two earlier. (For Mr. Butler in Northern and Southern Rhodesia see pages 160-161.)

Talks on a constitution for the British Protectorate of **Swaziland** began in London this week. The British Government does not accept as it stands the draft constitution drawn up by the Swaziland constitutional commission last March. This would provide a Legislative Council to which Europeans would be elected by normal voting procedure and the African members by traditional tribal methods. The proposed constitution has been very strongly criticised by some European and African circles in Swaziland. The British Government is understood to want to see Swaziland's political evolution develop from a more contemporary-style constitution.

THE ROYAL TOUR

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh begin their 30,000-mile tour of Fiji, Australia and New Zealand at the end of this week. An article on Fiji by Sir Alan Burns is on pages 168-171 in this issue.

Next week's issue of THE SPHERE will contain an article on New Zealand by Sir Thomas Macdonald, High Commissioner for New Zealand in London.

NEWS FROM AFRICA

At the end of last week Mr. Butler, in his capacity as Minister responsible for Central African Affairs, was in Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia. On his arrival he was handed a joint memorandum from the two governing African nationalist parties, Unip and A.N.C., asking for the territory to be allowed to secede from the Federation. In Salisbury Mr. Butler had had a demand for a new Southern Rhodesian constitution from the African Nationalist leader Mr. Nkomo. He had earlier been in Lusaka. Mr. Butler had begun his tour with talks with Sir Roy Welensky and other Federal ministers and with Southern Rhodesian ministers.

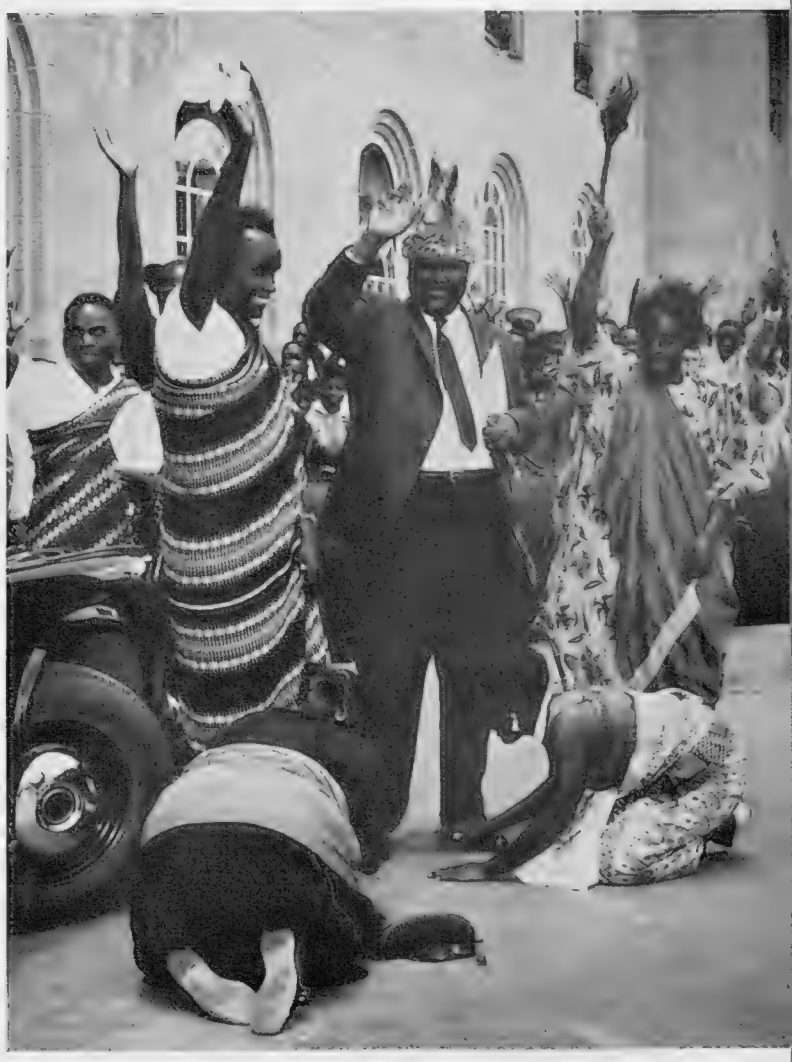
In Kenya the Colony's new Governor, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, was touring the country for the first time since his arrival. One of the main talking points in political circles was the recently published Constituencies Delimitation Report. Observers thought its proposals might result in Mr. Ngei's African People's Party holding the balance between Kanu and Kadu after the next election. In Congo the U.N., having occupied Kolwezi, was seeking to restore law and order throughout Katanga.

Mr. Butler with Sir Malcolm Barrow (centre), Federal Economics Minister, and Mr. Field, Southern Rhodesian Premier

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Governor of Kenya, is greeted at Kisumu, capital of Nyanza province, by a hornplayer of the local Luo tribe

group of mercenaries, including a woman in battledress, on the road to the Katangan border with Angola shortly before the U.N. forces entered Kolwezi

Mr. Paul Ngei, leader of the African People's Party, speaks in Nairobi



A shoe-shine for Mr. Kaunda and Mr. Nkomo in Lusaka

JOHN CONNELL

THE NATION'S LOSS

Politics, on the international as well as on the domestic plane, have moved into a dramatic and momentous phase. Events are dragging Britain—people, Parliament and Government—into the second half of the century; the lamentations, the yelps of pain, in the course of this comfortless process are fearsome to hear. Yet it is being accomplished, though—as I observed last week—Britain is, at present, an uncharacteristically passive participant. Since last autumn there have been four major happenings, each of which profoundly affects our present status in the world and our future prospects: the Cuba crisis, the Nassau conversations, General de Gaulle's ruthlessly logical Press conference and Mr. Hugh Gaitskell's tragic and untimely death.

Many of Hugh Gaitskell's friends (among whom, despite deep and obvious political differences, I have been happy to count myself for some years) have paid their moving and eloquent tributes to him, in Parliament, on television and radio, and in the newspapers. What struck me was the remarkable veracity of them all; they rang completely true on aspect after aspect of a complex, honourable man who was himself of unbreakable integrity. Some dealt with his humanity; his

The coffin of Mr. Gaitskell leaves Hampstead Parish Church, London, after the funeral service, followed by Mrs. Gaitskell and his two daughters

passion for justice, his courage, his zest and his sense of fun; but through all that I read or heard there ran this binding thread of consciousness of his integrity. In the area of international affairs, it is, I believe, this quality in Hugh Gaitskell which is going to be most sorely missed in the months and years ahead.

In a deeply sensitive essay, Lord Longford—Frank Pakenham—who had known Hugh Gaitskell since they were undergraduates together in the mid-1920s, likened his old friend to Mr. Valiant-for-Truth. I think that this was a just comparison, made all the more poignant by the fact that the trumpets on the other side have sounded for him so soon, and that there is nobody obvious in sight to whom he can hand on his sword, or who is likely to show his courage and skill.

He has left an astonishing void by his going, not only as a much-loved human being, but as a statesman who had grown as rapidly as impressively in moral stature in recent years. He had stepped out on to the world stage with authority, not by reason of the position he held as Leader of the Opposition and possibly the Prime Minister of a new British Labour Government, but as a result of some deep inner development in his own personality. He had learned how to fuse his resolution, which was always a major element in his character, with calm and patience. While I accept the opinion of those close to him who hold that his " fight and fight, and fight again " speech at Scarborough in 1960 was the watershed of his political life, I would add that he had come to this watershed by an arduous and difficult climb. In wrestling for what he was certain was the truth against the confused mass of his Party, and the deep feelings of many of his associates and colleagues, he inexorably came to terms with himself.

The Hugh Gaitskell of 1962 was a stronger, wiser and much more confident man than the Hugh Gaitskell of the Suez crisis—an unhappy episode in his career which I only recall in order to stress the magnitude of his spiritual recovery. In the early spring of 1958 I went on a brief visit to Israel, and immediately on my return had to go to Leeds to take part in a University debate. The member for South Leeds was on the same train, going to make a speech in his constituency, and we lunched together. We had known each other slightly for some years, both professionally and in private; he had the same kind of interest in Israel as I have, though I think I must admit that I am the more vocal Zionist. I had that morning got off the aircraft from Lydda; I was, I suspect, more than a little lightheaded from fatigue. The details of a two-hour conversation five years ago have long since escaped me; but I have a very clear recollection of the balanced judgment, the honesty and the gathering strength that Gaitskell demonstrated.

Not long afterwards, in the course of the same year, I found myself—at Transport House's invitation—taking part, in company with Robert Stephens of *The Observer*, in an unscripted, unrehearsed interview with Hugh Gaitskell, which was in fact a Party political broadcast. Our theme was international affairs, with particular reference to the Middle East. Eighteen months or thereby after Suez, we as a nation were still in the phase of rather edgy adjustment to our first major postwar defeat. What I remember about our discussion was Gaitskell's scrupulous fairness and moderation—in addition, of course, to that courtesy which was habitual to him, even (as the Prime Minister observed) " with bores."

He had never been a Foreign Office Minister; but had he lived to lead his Party to victory in a General Election, this would not, I think, have prevented him from exercising, with knowledge and authority, that over-all influence on the conduct of foreign policy which is necessary in a Prime Minister. His understanding of the fundamentals of foreign policy was real and deep, and far from academic. I have made no secret of the fact that I think his outlook on EEC was more far-sighted than that of Her Majesty's Government; and along with his old friend, Douglas Jay, he was one of the very few people in the Labour Party—indeed, in the whole House of Commons—who really understood the implications of Britain's efforts to enter EEC.

Had he lived, I have no doubt of the dominant influence which he would have exercised on the current phases of this protracted and complicated controversy. In parenthesis, I would remark that he had developed into a most formidable as well as attractive parliamentary debater; and his polish and elegance, clashing with Edward Heath's equal expertise, would have taken the issue on to a fitting plane.

It was obvious that he and President Kennedy were in considerable intellectual accord; they shared a certain donnish (and I do not use the word slightingly) radicalism, and a capacity to take a political theme and treat it as if it were an artifact, turning it this way and that until they understood its essence and its function, and were able to see it in the clearest possible light. But Gaitskell, I suspect, had a surer sense of the fundamentals of justice between man and man.

Would this intellectual accord have consolidated or extended that special "Anglo-Saxon" relationship, the idea of which so deeply angers General de Gaulle, and has so persistent an enchantment for most of those who mould this country's external policy? I don't know; but I am convinced that it would have given relations between the British and American Governments a new tinge and a freshness which would have been of considerable value.

On the other hand, I doubt whether a Gaitskell-led British Government could have made any headway with de Gaulle or for that matter with Adenauer. De Gaulle's exalted, semi-mystical concept of France, and of his own unique relationship with the country he has saved and served, was not—as yet—within Gaitskell's intellectual or emotional range; despite the present sharp and rather acrimonious differences between them, Harold Macmillan, by reason of his age and temperament, as well as shared associations and experiences, is really much more capable of understanding, even of coming to terms with, de Gaulle than Gaitskell would have been.

But it is on the supreme issue of East-West relations that Gaitskell, in or out of office, is going to be missed most seriously. He understood, I have some evidence for saying, both the advantages and the limitations of peripatetic, personal, "summit" diplomacy. He was in no sense a romantic—though he counted among his friends from Oxford onwards that oddest, tenderest, most tingling of romanticists, John Betjeman—and his view of the individual's place in history was severely practical.

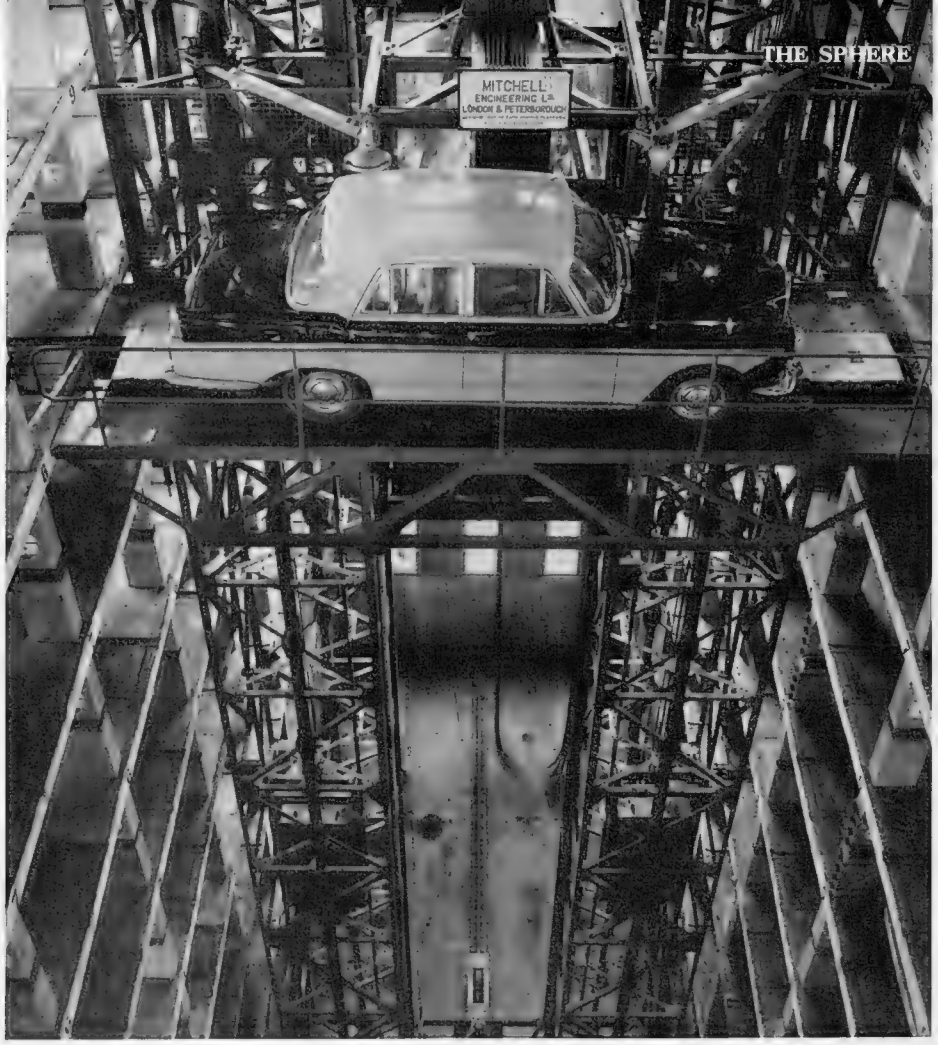
This view was not only the consequence of his own deep natural modesty; he did not have any talent for hero-worshipping or for heroics. When he cried, "fight and fight, and fight again," he uttered it with passion, but he meant it with a cool, practical realism; this was what he knew he would have to do, *and did*, in spite of the fact that he was not by nature in the slightest bellicose. The vigour and (by comparison with a few years earlier) the unity of the Labour Party at his death were the outcome of that fight. How long either will last I would not dare to prophesy.

But whoever emerges as his successor, whether or not the Labour Party wins the next Election, I have no doubt in my mind that in the death of Hugh Gaitskell this country has suffered, when it can least afford to bear it, the most grievous loss of an individual—statesman, scientist, artist or administrator—since the end of World War II. He had achieved much, but his ultimate promise is left unfulfilled.

Rescuers dig in the deep snow on the moors at Turn near Bury in Lancashire in search of a student who had been buried by an avalanche. Eventually he was found dead. With two friends the student had been sheltering in a ravine. This was one of the fatalities caused by the snow in various parts of Britain last week

SEARCH IN THE SNOW

b

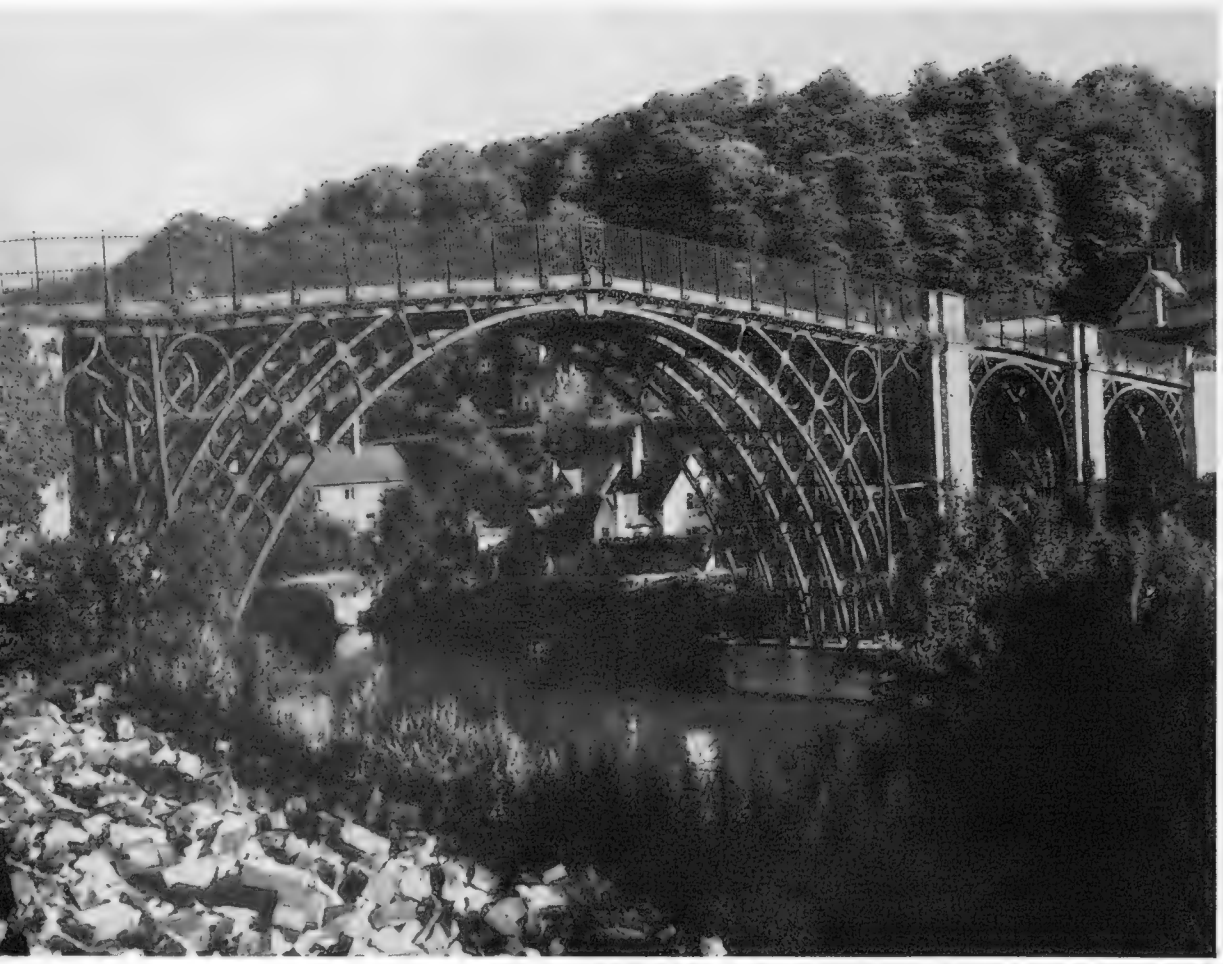


A car is raised on one of the two lifts to a parking bay in the new multi-storey car park in Shoe Lane, London. Recently opened by the Lord Mayor, the park has space for about 280 cars

Cars in the bays of the Shoe Lane park, off Fleet Street. It has a filling station and washing facilities

A London Newsletter

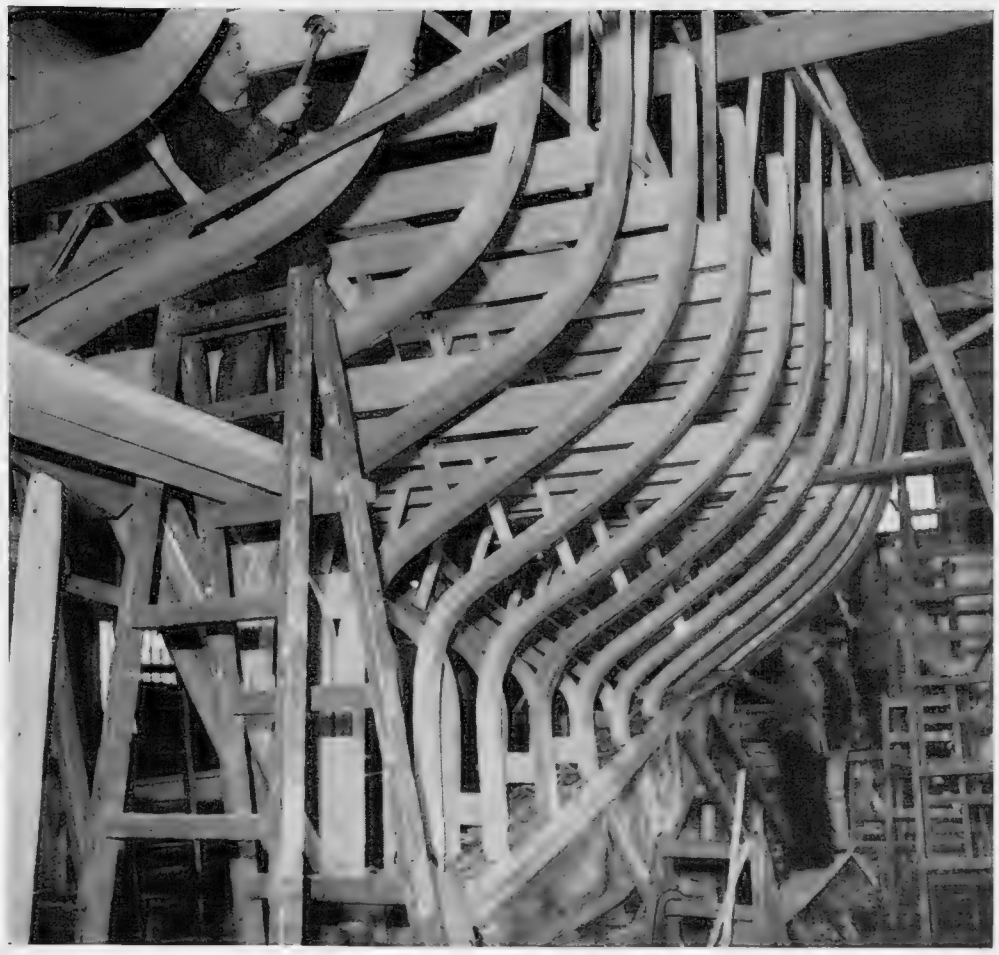
13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.



The photograph is of the Iron Bridge over the Severn near Broseley in Shropshire. It was the first cast-iron bridge in the world and was cast in 1779 in the nearby Coalbrookdale foundry, still operated by Allied Iron Founders Ltd. Coalbrookdale and Ironbridge (which takes its name from the bridge) are in the area of the newly scheduled New Town of Dawley

HUGH GAITSKELL. Mr. Gaitskell die peacefully on January 18. His last days ca be compared to those of George V—in dign fied publicity—and thrice as many medica specialists fought to save his life. Death quit all scores and dashes the cup of ambition whe it is raised to the lips. Whether Mr. Gaitske would have made a great Premier will never b known. Great Premiers are rarities. If deat quits old scores, Hugh Gaitskell left behin him fewer than most leaders in party politic The sincerity of his attachment to the bas ideals of Socialism (*imprimis*, equality o opportunity) was never in doubt from h Oxford days and he put country before part He neither invited nor felt malice nor envy i an era of political bitterness. Always, or near always, he was a composer of differences, an before his death he had achieved a poise, restraint and a competence which political friends and opponents recognised and respected and which left him *facile princeps* in his own party. No man, however great, is indispensable, and no doubt another Labour leader will in due course arise, perhaps with a fire and personality more impressive than his, if not his equal in humanity and restraint and breadth of view. In the party dogfight of our times, he did not pass uncriticised. His oratory could irritate, his smooth, logical and confident expression annoy listeners. That is the fate of all political leaders most and longest familiar to us on public rostrums, who have no more power to change their methods than their faces. But Hugh Gaitskell's sincerity shone through such individual characteristics of appearance and of manner and he burnt himself out in fighting for ideals, attainable or not, in which he wholeheartedly believed; and perhaps my greatest regret for his untimely death is the vanished hope that he might one day soon have taken a first step or two to loosen the stranglehold of antiquated traditions which still obstruct the realisation of *his* ideal of Socialism, equality of opportunity.

TWO PRESIDENTS. Whether it was coincidence or by French design, the Presidents of the U.S.A. and of France addressed their nations and the world on the same day, and spoke on a vital topical theme in terms diametrically opposed. Between them they "welcomed the coming, sped the parting guest," while the guest was shuffling his feet on



Work progresses on the stern of a 12-metre yacht being built in Robertson's yard on Holy Loch in Scotland. The yacht, to be launched in June, may be a contender for the next America's Cup contest

the doormat. Perhaps fortunately the two Presidents are not joint hosts. They live in different houses, both well-found, but one a Montacute and the other a manor-house. The doorway at Montacute bears the legend " And ours, my friend." The other doorway bears the discouraging legend " No hawkers." But what's a snub more or less for the British Commonwealth? " Mais, monsieur, il faut vivre," is answered by one more Frenchman: " Je ne vois pas la nécessité." No doubt, we shall slog on to the bell beside the welcoming portal since the alternative is to slog along the lonely road. Il faut vivre. MacHeath will again " take the road " which may lead to something to our advantage. " Slog on, slog on, the footpath way and merrily hint a stile, Ah! A Merry heart goes all the day "—and the days are getting longer. There is still time to consult the nation on whether or not it wishes to continue a despised bone of contention to be quarrelled over by the dogs of America and France. The present set-up of our Parliamentary representation is no sure guide to what a majority of electors today think on this Common Market question and if " Government by the people and for the people " ever meant or still means anything, that means a General Election or a referendum. O mighty Caesar, dost thou lie so low, shrunk to this little measure? The British lion reduced by stages to a mauled thigh-bone.

A HALFPENNY—THEN AND NOW. I well remember and vividly the scene and setting of the first tip I ever received from a kind uncle, just before I went to a private school. It was a golden sovereign and the year was 1895. My uncle lived in a largish country house which, with full complement of butler, footmen, lamp boy and maids of all kinds, cost him about £4,000 a year to run. As worked out by Mr. Eric Bayly, in a recent letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, in terms of our money, it would now cost him £480,000 a year, and my £1 tip would be £120. I have a vaguer recollection of the luxuries which that tip bought for me in 1895. They were varied, numerous and dazzling. Accepting in total ignorance his mathematics, I turned to consider the present purchasing power of the difference between the Electrical Employers' offer and the Unions' minimum demands, which could make all the difference in wintry weather between igloo life and comparative comfort in millions of homes. Mr. Doyle also had no doubt worked it out or, as so many bonny fighters do, fought " for the principle of the thing." But the " principles " of the few not seldom imply purgatory for the many in every sphere of life. A halfpenny or so in 1895 could buy sweets and comfits to excess. In 1963 it could be the price of misery for millions—and that's about all.

SIX THOUSAND MILLION. By the end of this century—in 37 years—the world's population will be double what it is today. So the wizards have forecast and Lord Fleck accepts their findings, though the statistics are based on present trends and make no allowance for abnormal wastages. With a world population of a mere 3,000,000,000 the problem of feeding millions now on starvation level, is a losing battle. How will it look when my youngest grandchild is in her thirties. It suggests to me that we must fasten without delay on one horn of our dilemma. Either we must cut to the bone our expenditure on space travel and devote all the money and scientific brains now so used, on the means to increase food productivity on the Earth and on " fool-proof " Malthusian devices; or we must double our efforts to secure in outer space dormitory areas for our surplus population and render them capable of growing food for the emigrants. Perhaps there is another and a cruder solution: To redouble our expenditure on nuclear armaments and to strengthen our resistance to any agreement to limit their manufacture so as to insure that in the next 30 years World War III will break out and prove as devastating as the gloomiest prophets forecast. On the whole, the last seems the solution most likely to resolve the starvation problem. Anyway, the Americans have decided to spend a little more on defence while " hedging " with the decision to spend a little more on the Moon project. I am not sure that I shall congratulate my grandchildren on being born in an era of outstanding progress, achievement and promise. There's something to be said for being dead.

SPOKE TOO SOON. The ups and downs of human life alternate far too quickly. No sooner had I glorified the M.C.C. team and Sheppard in particular for their prowess in the second Test than news of the third Test stultified my praise. And no sooner had I assured a friend that—subject to the whims of Dictator Doyle—our new central heating was standing up pretty well to the worst of winter than we woke to find a room flooded two inches deep from water pouring from a burst pipe. In cricket and in freeze-ups, it is unwise to boast—and indeed in many other matters. Neither cricket critics nor weather wizards usually have eyes to see round the next corner, and you and I—who are not experts in any particular line—are beginning to acquire an expertise rare in critics and wizards. We are developing eyes which *can* see round the corner and we can confidently prophesy we shall find " something nasty " there—a killer awaiting the most peaceful dictator, a ball to disturb the stumps of a well-set batsman, a burst pipe for the householder which is anything but a pipe of peace. The moral to be drawn is this: keep your mouth shut and your eyes and ears open. It will help you to protect yourself from what lies round the corner—something which will be nasty in all probability. The times we live in have made cynics of us all.

SIXTY-THREE YEARS AS EDITOR. Bruce Ingram had already been in the Editorial chair of *The Illustrated London News* for 26 years when I began to write the *Newsletter* in THE SPHERE—and that was 37 years ago. Sixty-three years in the same job, triumphing over the keenest competition in times more often of danger and difficulty than favourable, is a portentous record and connotes rare merit and courage and foresight. His policy indeed was the wisest and rarest form of conservatism. I am glad to remember that we shared the same Alma Mater—Trinity College, Oxford—but I only once spoke to him and that occasion, I think, was his 50th anniversary banquet. To this day I can savour again the Lucullan items on the menu. 1950 seems a long time ago, 1926 seems worlds away, 1900 is for most of us pre-history, but Ingram held his reins firmly and expertly from pre-history to this year of grace. He is as much entitled to a place among legendary figures as Queen Victoria. Each of them steered a ship from the mists of antiquity into our own times. Each was a vital link between the dead past and the living generations.

THE OLD STAGER

ENTERTAINMENT

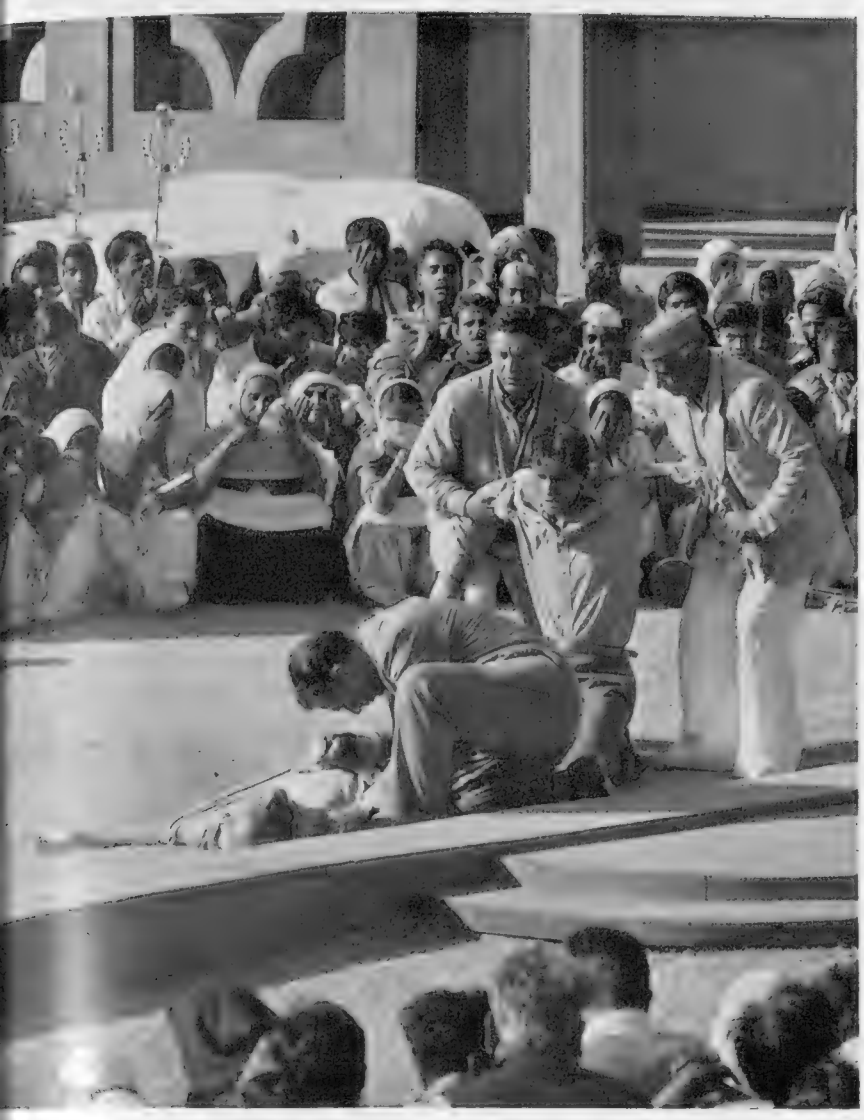
NINE HOURS TO RAMA

at the Carlton
from February 21

On January 30, 1948, just 15 years ago, in the newly independent and deeply troubled India, Mahatma Gandhi was assassinated. Based on the book of the same name by Stanley Wolpert, *Nine Hours to Rama* is a serious attempt to tell the story of the last hours of Gandhi's life and of the character of his assassin, portrayed as a bitterly fanatical opponent of Gandhi's policy on non-violence. The film is remarkable for the performance by J. S. Casshyap as Gandhi and for the final moving scenes of his death and funeral. Directed by Mark Robson, the film is released by Twentieth Century-Fox

Gandhi (J. S. Casshyap) walks through the crowd at his last prayer meeting. Behind is Gopal Das (José Ferrer). **Right:** At Gandhi's funeral is P. K. Mussadi (Robert Morley)

The early life of Natu (Horst Buchholz), Gandhi's assassin. He is rejected from the British Army after **right:** telling his mother (Achla Sachdev) that to join the Army has always been his greatest wish



Das bends over the assassinated Gandhi in the Birla garden in Delhi, as police seize Natu, who has realised with horror that he has killed a saint

Apte (Don Borisenko), Natu's companion, is interrogated

Shiela (Diane Baker) provides Das with a clue to Natu's whereabouts. **Right :** Rani (Valerie Gearon) tries to stop Natu at the prayer meeting. **Below:** Gandhi's funeral pyre

The Voice of the Commonwealth

FIJI—ITS LAND AND PEOPLE

By **SIR ALAN BURNS, G.C.M.G.,**

Chairman, Commission of Enquiry into land and population problems, Fiji, 1959-60

On her way to New Zealand and Australia, the Queen is revisiting one of the most interesting and picturesque of the remaining colonies. Fiji consists of two large islands, Viti Levu and Vanua Levu, and some 500 smaller islands, islets and rocks, the total land area of the group being about 7,000 sq. miles. Some of the islands are of volcanic origin and mountainous while others of coral formation are low lying. The islands are scattered over a large area of the Pacific Ocean, the capital, Suva, being about 1,250 miles south of the equator; the 180th meridian of longitude passes through the group. The climate is tropical and the rainfall heavy. Between November and April hurricanes sometimes occur.

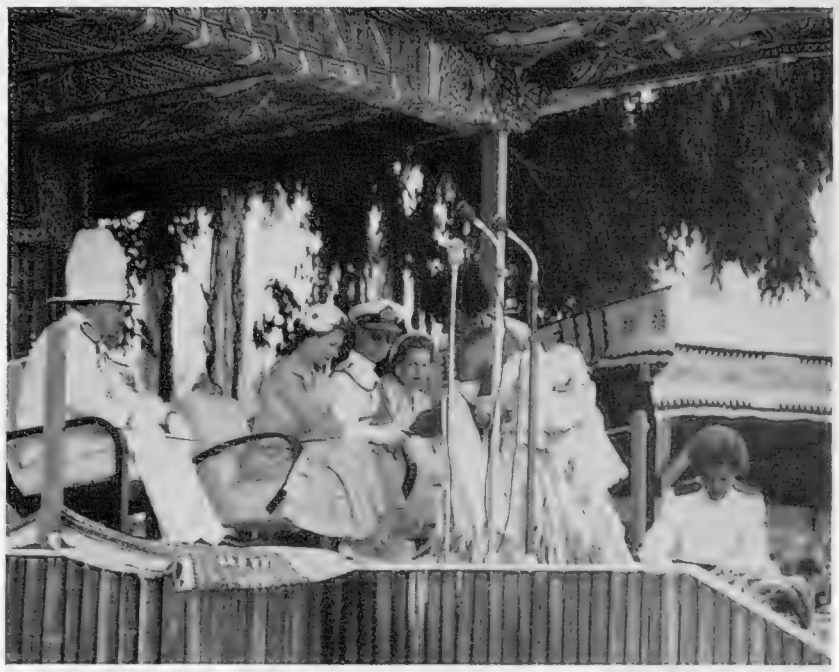
The population at the end of 1961 was estimated at 413,000 of which only about 172,000 were indigenous Fijians. The Fijians are mainly of Melanesian stock with a strong strain of Polynesian blood in the eastern parts of the colony. They are generally tall and strongly built, and many of them still wear the traditional large mops of hair. They were formerly divided into numerous small groups constantly engaged in inter-tribal warfare.

There are more than 205,000 Indians, mostly the descendants of indentured labourers brought to Fiji between 1879 and 1916. There are also some 10,000 Europeans, 9,000 " Part-Europeans " descended from European fathers and Fijian mothers, 5,000 Chinese, 5,000 Rotumans (the isolated island of Rotuma became a dependency of Fiji in 1881), and 6,000 persons from other Pacific islands.

Although some of the islands had been sighted by explorers, there were no early European contacts with Fiji, as the numerous coral reefs which surround the group made navigation by sailing vessels in these waters extremely dangerous and would-be visitors were discouraged by the reputation of the Fijians as ferocious warriors and cannibals. Early in the nineteenth century, however, ships began to call at Vanua Levu to buy sandalwood, then in great demand in China and India, and in 1808 a shipwrecked sailor, who possessed a musket and was a good shot, took service under the chief of the small island of Bau and was later joined by other Europeans. Against tribesmen armed only with bows and arrows, spears and clubs, European firearms were decisive and Bau soon became the most powerful chiefdom and, under its greatest chief, Cakobau, the most aggressive.

Several other Europeans now began to settle in the islands and in 1835 Methodist missionaries began work in Fiji, making a number of converts although the majority of the people retained their heathen beliefs and continued to practise cannibalism. In 1854 Cakobau himself accepted Christianity and his example was followed by many.

Cakobau tried for many years to subdue the other tribes and to become the King of all Fiji, but he never quite succeeded. Indeed, he was only saved from defeat by his enemies through the intervention of the King of Tonga. Faced by local difficulties and alarmed at threats of dire punishment by the United States Government if compensation were not paid in respect of the property of American citizens burnt and looted by tribesmen over whom he had little control, Cakobau in 1859



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh during their visit to Fiji in 1953

offered to cede Fiji to Great Britain. The offer was declined, but by this time more Europeans had come to the islands and begun the planting of cotton. Attempts were made to establish a constitutional government with European ministers under Cakobau as King of Fiji, but all were unsuccessful, and a second offer to cede the islands, made by Cakobau and other principal chiefs, was accepted by the British Government in 1874, when Fiji became a British colony.

Under the Deed of Cession all the land was secured to the Fijians, except Crown Land and freehold land which had already been sold by the chiefs to Europeans. The further sale of Fijian land was prohibited, with the result that the Fijians hold today, in customary communal tenure, more than 83 per cent. of the land in the colony, although much of this is mountainous and some of the best land is owned by alien freeholders.

The first European settlers in Fiji employed on their plantations labourers brought (often kidnapped by " blackbirders ") from other Pacific islands, as the Fijians were unwilling to undertake regular work. Most of these labourers were repatriated after the Cession, but labour was still required and it was decided to recruit Indian labourers on five-year indentures, with the right of repatriation to India. Very few took advantage of this right and Indians today represent half of the total population of Fiji.

(*Continued on page 170*)

The international airport at Nandi with overseas airliners on the tarmac

The main street in Nandi

va in the island of Viti Levu is the capital of Fiji and an important commercial centre in the south-west Pacific

A class in a village school for Fijians

An Indian school. Indians are the most populous race in Fiji

Filling up at a garage in Fiji

A large log of dakua, a Fijian timber, is put through a mill on Viti Levu

FIJI—ITS LAND AND PEOPLE

(*Continued from page 168*)

The constitution of Fiji has followed the usual pattern of colonial government. The Legislative Council consisted at first entirely of nominated members but in 1904 the Europeans were allowed to elect six representatives while two Fijians were nominated on the recommendation of the chiefs. The first Indians were elected, by men of their own race, in 1929. A new constitution which will soon come into effect provides for a majority of official members of the Council, as at present, and for the election by adult suffrage of four representatives by the people of each of the three races, Fijian, Indian and European, two others of each race being nominated.

The principal industry of the colony is the cultivation and processing of sugar-cane. The cane is grown mainly by Indians on small farms, the crops being sold to an Australian company which operates four sugar mills and exports the sugar and molasses produced. Other main agricultural exports are coconut-oil and bananas. The principal mineral exports are gold and manganese. The total value of domestic exports in 1960 was £12,000,000, of which sugar accounted for £8,700,000, coconut-oil for £2,396,000, and gold for about £1,000,000. Owing to industrial disputes which affected sugar exports, the value of exports in 1961 fell to £9,400,000. There is no doubt that production in Fiji could be greatly increased if the land were more fully and properly used. Even in the mountainous areas, which today are largely neglected, tree crops could be grown and there are great opportunities for the utilisation of the extensive forests. There is promise of a successful tourist industry.

The economic development of Fiji presents many problems but the greatest cause for anxiety lies in the rivalry between the two principal races. The Indians are industrious and more prosperous than the easy-going Fijians. They are also increasing in numbers more rapidly and resent the fact that the Fijians control so much of the land, although much of the land on which the Indians farm is leased from the Fijians.

The Fijians for their part are envious of Indian prosperity and seriously alarmed by the increasing numerical strength of the Indians. The two groups are separated not only by race and language (though English is widely understood by all) but also by culture and religion. The Indian is an individualist, prepared to work hard to achieve economic success. The Fijian is more communally minded, proud of his traditions, ceremonies and customs (some of which undoubtedly retard progress), and passionately attached to his ancestral land. He is, however, less interested in the making of money than in the spending of it. The Fijians are Christians, the Indians mainly Hindu with a small proportion of Muslims. The two races seldom meet socially or in sport. Even in small villages there are separate Indian and Fijian schools. The Fijians play "rugger" while the Indians play "soccer" or hockey. Cricket is very popular among Fijians who are tremendous hitters.

The antagonism between the two races was exacerbated by the behaviour of the Indians in Fiji during the last war. They declined to serve in the army and caused considerable industrial trouble during the war—and subsequently. The loyalty of the Fijians was in marked contrast, thousands joining the military forces and serving with distinction and courage against the Japanese in the Solomon Islands and, after the war, against the Communists in Malaya. One valiant Fijian won a posthumous V.C.

Were it not for the rivalry between the two races the future of Fiji would be promising. The standard of living is high for a tropical country and there is little disease, while education is making progress. But over these beautiful islands hangs a cloud of anxiety which can only be dissipated by the removal of this rivalry. There is no demand from the Fijians for further political advance or for independence, as they prefer British rule to possible control by an Indian majority. They would strongly oppose any suggestions from others for self-government or independence. So, the British Government must continue to hold the ring. We must all pray that time will heal the division between the races.

Working the arid soil with bulls

In this mill in Suva copra is processed

Tavua, about 130 miles from Suva, is on the northern coast of Viti Levu. From this small town a road leads to the goldfields at Vatukoula

Fijians dressed for dancing to the music of native instruments. **Above right:** Various materials are displayed in a haberdashery shop. **Below:** Sugar-cane being collected for transport on a narrow-gauge railway on a plantation

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

DUCKS IN THE SNOW

F. W. Harvey said:

From troubles of the world
I turn to ducks.

And so do I: increasingly frequently in these days. Whenever I get particularly hot under the collar—which is about the only place I do get hot in this weather—at the shameful weakness of a government (I use the small g advisedly) that has not the will to govern, I go and have a look at our ducks,

Beautiful comical things
Sleeping or curled
Their heads beneath white wings
By water cool.

Only the poor things haven't any water just now: no water to swim in, that is. We go out twice a day (sometimes more) and unfreeze the water in the old kitchen sink, so that they may drink and bathe if they wish. While we do so

They look at you through black
Small topaz-tinted eyes
And wish you ill.

How well Harvey knew ducks! I think our ducks are really quite fond of us. But they leave little doubt in the mind that they think the frozen stream and the foot of hard-packed snow covering their enclosure (it is too big to be called a " run ") are due entirely to our mismanagement. They leave no doubt at all that they think we could do more about that sink—and more frequently. In this they behave quite differently from the geese: the geese are thankful for small mercies, the ducks see no reason why they should suffer.

The geese did not particularly mind the deep snow, so long as it was fairly soft. They floundered about in it, making little progress but evidently enjoying the experience. But the first day of ice on snow, 29 degrees of frost following a few hours of " slow thaw," was too much for them. They skidded about all over the place, and when they fell, which they did surprisingly frequently, they had great difficulty in getting up again. Thereafter, they stuck to their shed. They simply gave up—except for eating. The cold sharpened their appetites considerably.

The ducks, on the other hand, hated the deep snow. They could not even flounder in that: their light little bodies were simply bogged down. They gave up at once: stayed in the little wired-in, straw-covered, run outside their house. In that, they spent most of the time complaining. The duck's quack is very expressive. But, as soon as the frost hardened the snow, even though it clothed it with a film of ice, they were out and about. Like the geese they skidded about all over the place, sliding and falling, their webbed feet giving them no purchase at all. But whereas the geese regarded this as an affront to their dignity, the ducks seemed to get a good deal of fun out of it. After each skid and fall, they would wag their little tails, quack indignantly, and try again.

But they soon got tired—I mean physically tired, not tired of the experience—and then they would stand for several minutes, bills sunk on breasts, puffed out and miserable, before waddling and skidding disconsolately back to their house. For wild ducks, for wild geese, this sort of weather must be terrible indeed, for they have no shed to seek shelter in and no one to come and feed and water them.

Feeding time these last few weeks has been a wonderful experience for me. (As I write, there is no sign of a break: the sky is heavy and yellowish-grey, and it is snowing, small hard flakes borne on an easterly wind.) All the wild birds know the time and are gathered to await me. I feed not only the hens and ducks and geese, but also thrushes and blackbirds, fieldfares and redwings, bramblings and all the usual finches. Even goldfinches have fluttered down into the hen runs; a thing I have never known before. There are starlings and sparrows galore, rooks and magpies, a gull or two—and one day three swans circled the field twice and low overhead, but could not summon up the courage to land.

A fortnight ago, on this page, I remarked on the absence of woodpigeons. I spoke too soon. They are back again and in greater numbers than ever. They are hungry and weak—there are local reports that some have been seen to drop dead from the trees, though I have not seen that myself—and, in the kitchen garden, scarcely bother to get out of one's way. I hesitate to say how many we have shot—shot they must be or we shall have nothing but a few roots come the spring—but I can say that, from the pigeon-pie point of view, they are not worth shooting, mere skin and bone: which makes their avoidance of the poultry runs at feeding time all the more astonishing. I think the cold must have numbed their wits.

The geese take little or no notice of the small birds who try to share their food. The bigger birds, the rooks and so on, avoid the goose run. I suppose geese have no need to worry: they are big enough and have long necks. It would be a bold sparrow to risk coming within range of our gander's beak!

But the ducks are absolutely furious about it all. To make sure that they get their food free from interference by magpies and the like, it is put into a tin inside their house. But I always scatter some outside as well, for the wild birds. The ducks ignore the food in the tin to begin with and do their utmost to gobble up all they can outside. There is no charity in nature. They are really quite fierce about it. But they are not very successful, because the small birds, darting in and out, are much too quick for them—and while they are outside some of the sparrows dart in to the tin!—and the bigger birds regard them and their indignant quacking as a bit of a joke.

And as for the duck, I think God must
have smiled a bit
Seeing those bright eyes blink on the
day He fashioned it.
And He's probably laughing still at
the sound that came out of its bill!

It is a funny sound, and ducks are comical birds. But ducks don't think they are: they take themselves very seriously. They get angry about this wild bird competition.

He made the comical ones in case the
minds of men
Should stiffen and become
Dull, humourless and glum,
And so forgetful of their Maker be
As to take even themselves—*quite
seriously*.

Yes, Harvey was right. In these cold, low voltage, days it does me good to go out and look at my ducks.

Dartmoor ponies are fed by R.S.P.C.A. volunteers during the arctic weather which has made grazing impossible

The first Vickers VC-10 jet airliner to use London Airport takes off from a snowy runway during its intensive test programme

AIRCRAFT IN THE NEWS

Last week Britain's latest and biggest jet airliner, the long-range VC-10, made its first appearance at London Airport. It was transferred there to continue its programme of test flying, as the British Aircraft Corporation's airfield at Wisley, Surrey, had been snowbound since the New Year. Three VC-10s—and shortly another—are well into a test programme aimed at enabling deliveries to BOAC before the end of the year. In Belfast the prototype Short Skyvan light freighter made its first flight, successfully, from the company's airfield. A snowstorm cut short the flight but prospects for the aircraft appear bright. Latest news of the revolutionary VTOL strike fighter, the Hawker P.1127, is that an agreement has been signed between Hawker Siddeley and Northrop of California, whereby the U.S. company will promote the P.1127 and derivatives and if possible manufacture the aircraft in the U.S. The P.1127 is being considered for both the R.A.F. and the Royal Navy. A further development of the De Havilland Sea Vixen, the Navy's standard two-seater, all weather fighter, has been revealed. It carries four Red Top infra-red homing missiles instead of the earlier Firestreak missiles.

The Hawker P.1127 hovering with landing gear and flaps down

The prototype Short Skyvan light freighter on its maiden flight

Latest development of the Sea Vixen—the FAW 2 with four Red Top air-to-air missiles

TRAVEL

THE ROCK TEMPLES OF INDIA

By **GORDON COOPER**

For anyone seeking the thrills of travel, India, steeped in history and civilisation, is second to none in the world. Its fascination draws one like a lodestone. And in my various journeys through this vast country of over 430,000,000 souls, nothing impressed me more than the monumental rock-cut temples of Ajanta and Ellora.

Easily accessible from Bombay by daily Heron service to Aurangabad, the rail and air base for the caves, services of taxis and buses are available to Ajanta (66 miles) and to Ellora (16 miles); Ajanta and Ellora can be visited in one day each, while at Ellora there is an adequate guest house in which to lodge. At Aurangabad the hotel is pleasant; and there is a helpful tourist office.

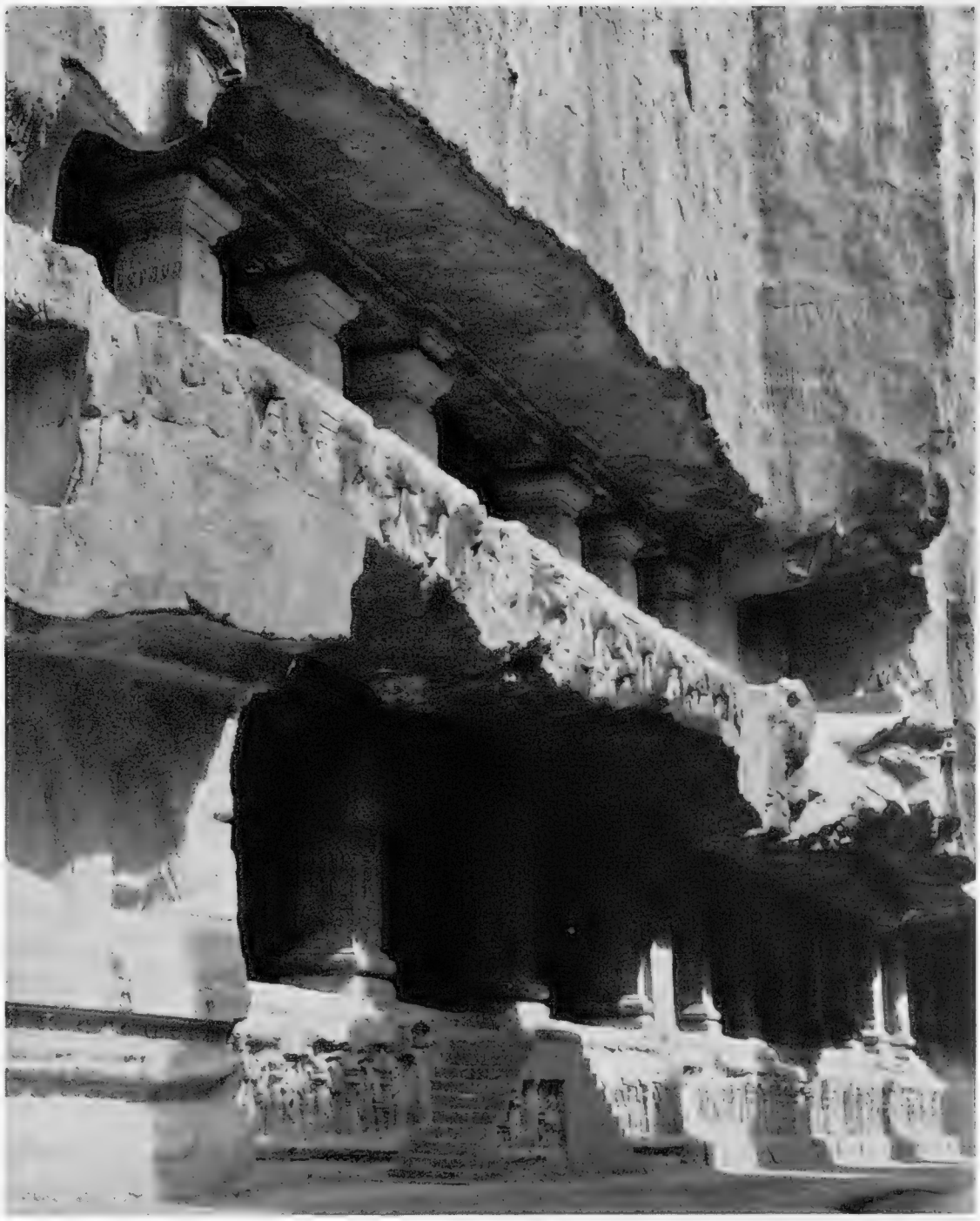
Ellora comprises 34 caves which, stretching over a mile and a quarter, were excavated in a large rocky plateau as far back as ninth century A.D. They are undoubtedly the most famous of all the rock-cut temples of India, and would repay a lengthy examination. Excepting Mohammedanism nearly all Indian religions, past and present, have at one time or another contributed to this amazing series of excavations in a curving hillside. Ajanta alone competes with them in antiquity.

The chief attraction of the Ellora caves are their often masked-like temples—an almost perfect series of the ecclesiastical buildings of Buddhism to be discovered within the space of a few hundred yards.

Of course, some of the customary features of Buddhist architecture had to be modified by the fact that everything had here to be excavated from the living rock, and not built up with individual stones in the usual way, but shrines and monasteries and council rooms are all to be found, and nearly all of them are still in a state of perfection. No existing caves as such were used. Thus architecture was sculpture on a mass scale. The solidity of the rock obviated the need for periodic repairs and many of the temples are in a state of good preservation to this day. The keen sense for the beautiful among the architects is as remarkable as their advanced technical knowledge. It is interesting to note that the excavation usually proceeded from the top downwards—the natural rock-surface below providing a platform and eliminating the necessity of scaffolding.

Outstanding among these temples is the Kailasa, one of the Brahmanical creations. It is, undoubtedly, the most marvellous monolithic building in the world. The entire temple and all its adjuncts were hewn from a massive rock of 3,000,000 cub. ft., the quarrying of which is believed to have taken at least 100 years; it is carved from inside and outside. Its ceilings and walls are painted while all rocks are sculptured.

The Kailasa, "Lord Shiva's mountain abode," is dedicated to this god, and some 200,000 tons of rock must have been excavated to bring this temple into existence. There is immensity with grace, and energy with superb genius. The Nandi shrine at the entrance is flanked by two flagstaffs—each 51 ft. high—with elaborate carvings of the Shiva cult. It is said that the Kailasa Temple is "an illustration of one of those rare moments when men's minds and hands work in unison towards the consummation of a supreme ideal." It is many ages since prayers and ceremonies have been formally offered within these walls, though a few flowers will often by found laid reverently here and there on the long-deserted thresholds.



A small section of the famous rock-cut temples of India, at Ellora

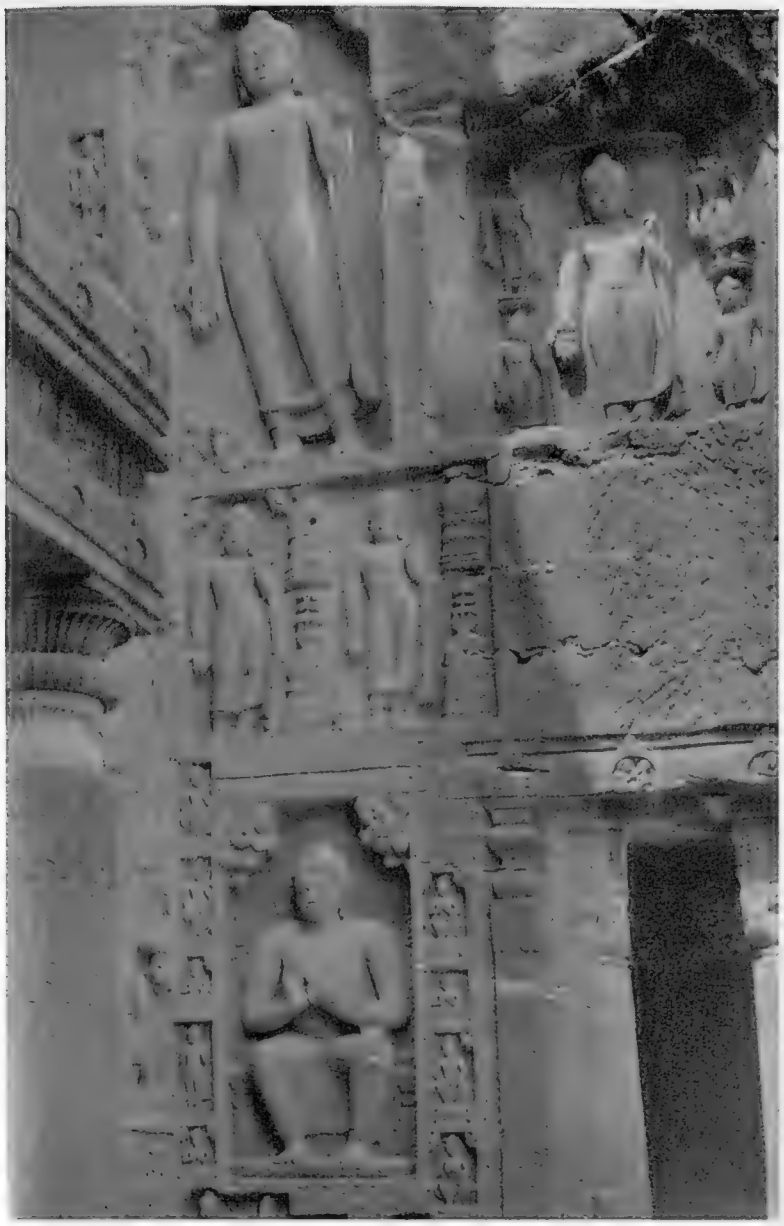
The area around Aurangabad is studded with ruins, mostly Mohammedan. In the twelfth century, Deogiri (the Hill of the Gods), which afterwards became Daulatabad, was the capital of the Yadava Hindu kingdom, which built the historic fort on the pyramid-shaped rock there. Mohammed Shah Tughlaq, in a fit of temper, ordered his capital to be moved from Delhi to Deogiri and renamed the latter as Daulatabad (the city of fortune). Every man, woman and child was ordered to leave Delhi and march to Deogiri, 700 miles away.

Daulatabad then enjoyed the distinction of being the capital of India for 17 years when it was ordered that the capital was to be shifted back again to Delhi, probably because of water shortage. The 600-ft.-high ancient and historic fort, carved out of the solid rock and complete with moat and scarp, is well worth a visit, although the approach to it is by a spiral staircase within the hill itself.

The Ajanta Caves, accidentally discovered by a shooting party in 1829, are quite different in character to those of Ellora. They had lain deserted since the seventh century A.D., when Buddhism was driven out of India. Owing to this fact, however, they are of exceptional interest, for no later additions have concealed the early workmanship; and, happily, time has dealt lightly with the elaborate carvings and with some of the paintings which decorate the excavations.

In all there are five temples and 25 monasteries, hewn out of an almost perpendicular cliff-face, 250 ft. high, curving round in a semi-circle and overhanging the bed of a stream. The walls, ceilings and pillars of the caves, some of which are as old as 2,000 years, are richly adorned with innumerable frescoes while massive sculptures have been erected on all rocks. The paintings, however, are artistically superior to the carvings. The wide range of the themes, subdued and subtle expressions and the fineness of the work of these masterpieces of art have won admiration from artists all over the world.

It is one of the world's most admirable combination of architecture, painting and sculpture. The paintings represent a vast variety of subjects, from figures of the Buddha and his disciples to domestic, hunting and battle scenes. Unfortunately in many of them the originally brilliant colouring has faded very much during the course of time.



Detail of the figure carving in a temple at Ellora

The Kailasa, dedicated to Shiva, the finest of the carvings at Ellora

For further information:

India Tourist Information Office,
21, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Wall-painting at Ajanta

OUTSTANDING EVENTS IN 1963

MOUNT ATHOS, GREECE.—During the summer there will be celebrations of a religious character in connection with the 1,000th anniversary of this famous monastic peninsula. Certain building reconstructions are to be effected, and there will be various religious ceremonies, with efforts to ensure that the Holy Mount becomes a place of pilgrimage for Christendom. Apart from anything else, this semi-autonomous community possesses the largest and best collection of Byzantine art in the world. Particulars on access can be obtained from the Greek Information Office, 195, Regent Street, W.1.

INTERNATIONAL HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION, HAMBURG.—This exhibition will be open from April 26 to October 13. The Germans claim that it will be the greatest horticultural exhibition ever staged, and it is hoped to attract 100,000,000 visitors. There will be 188 acres of exhibition grounds in which 250 new cultivations from 19 countries, including Britain, will be introduced. General information about this event from the German Tourist Information Bureau, 61, Conduit Street, W.1.

350TH ANNIVERSARY OF ERL PASSION PLAY.—This summer the small Tyrolese village of Erl celebrates its 350th anniversary of its outstanding Passion Play. In many respects this play is more impressive than the more famous and more commercialised one held in Oberammergau. Visitors will surely be deeply moved by the primitiveness and force of the rural acting. There will be 19 performances. Information from Austrian State Tourist Department, 219, Regent Street, W.1.

AIDS TO TRAVELLERS

THE YEAR BOOK AND GUIDE TO EAST AFRICA FOR 1963, edited by A. Gordon-Brown, F.R.G.S. (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d., for the Union-Castle Mail Steamship Co. Ltd.) has now made its appearance. It embraces a vast expanse from the east into the centre. Nor are the islands in the Indian ocean forgotten. Besides general information on each individual country there are chapters on safari and mountaineering and an extensive travel section. The intending traveller will almost certainly find any question answered in this book. For instance, the whereabouts, range and other operational details of the principal lighthouses on the coast of East Africa are listed.

Equally as useful is Mr. Gordon-Brown's companion volume THE YEAR BOOK AND GUIDE TO SOUTHERN AFRICA FOR 1963 (12s. 6d.). Its scope includes the Central African Federation, the British Protectorates and the Republic of South Africa.

Whatever one may think of the political situation in parts of southern Africa, its railways are a vital link in communication between the various countries and an abiding memorial to the skill of the engineers who built them. RAILWAYS OF SOUTHERN AFRICA by John R. Day (Arthur Barker. 21s.) tells the story in careful detail and has many illustrations. The author is an authority on railways in many parts of the world.

Now for the home front. The British Travel and Holidays Association has produced its official guide HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS IN BRITAIN—1963 TOURING EDITION (6s.). Only establishments considered by the B.T.H.A. to be suitable for tourists and holidaymakers are listed. For those who may be looking for more detailed information about Scotland WHERE TO STAY IN SCOTLAND 1963 (2s. 6d.), published by the Scottish Tourist Board, can be highly recommended.

C. D.

BOOKS

WIFE IN THE CRIMEA

A story of a remarkable Victorian woman; backstage in the literary world; this week's list of fiction

It is an odd fact, but still a fact, that many of the most telling and appreciative books about women's careers have been written by men. Though, on reflection, perhaps not so odd since men are more likely to take an objective point of view, less confused by personal affections or prejudice. By the same token, Mr. E. E. P. Tisdall has written an extraordinarily interesting book about a woman who was closely concerned with the Crimean and other military campaigns and who, luckily for us, wrote letters and kept a lively journal describing both her own experiences and her acutely feminine view of the wars she observed from such close focus. MRS. DUBERLEY'S CAMPAIGNS (Jarrolds. 21s.) is not necessarily a textbook for feminists since, it would seem, that was far from her intention, but it is the record, largely personal, of an officer's wife who was very close to him not only in the Crimea but during the Indian Mutiny, riding with the advance guard on attacks, fearless in action and a lasting contradiction of the conventional view of Victorian females. A photograph of her, slender and mounted on a useful-looking horse, with her officer husband observing her, was, we are told, a best-seller among the Army in the Crimea, and one can see why.

It is a conventional belief that plays about back-stage life, novels about novelists and publications about publishers are not generally very well received by the lay public. Like many conventions, this has a basis of truth and good sense, but occasionally there is an exception, or a near one, which gives us all a chance of entertainment. In THE HOUSE OF WORDS (Macmillan. 30s.) Mr. Lovat Dickson has written the second volume of his autobiography, pursuing the story of how, as a young Canadian, he had come to London and grown up in the revered company of great writers. Partly a story of the publishing company in which he has worked (the book is dedicated to Mr. Daniel Macmillan) and partly an account of his own progress and setbacks, this candid and extremely personal account is a good example of " shop " talk; well-informed shop, but still just that.

CONTEMPORARIES (Secker and Warburg. 42s.), by Mr. Alfred Kazin, has something in common with the last book since it is a collection of 70 essays by a literary critic from America whose interests have ranged through the classic works of Stendahl and Thoreau to the later emergences of such writers as J. D. Salinger and Norman Mailer. Mr. Kazin has written, too, about such literate figures in our country as Kenneth Tynan, Brendan Behan and Dylan Thomas and, one of the few English writers included, Lawrence Durrell. His style verges on the pontifical, his opinions are as near snap judgments as many less portentous writers, the volume has an unwieldy length but, nevertheless, there is much here to admire and to discuss.

BRIMMING BILLABONGS (Robert Hale. 18s.) takes us across the world and into another climate of thought and action. Mr. W. E. (Bill) Harney has written about a friend of his who was an Australian aborigine and whom the author knew and appreciated through many years of an unconventional career. Marmela's people came from the Northern Territory where they lived, hunted and somehow continued to scratch out an existence and Mr. Harney (Bilarnie to the aboriginal folk) has set down much of their amazing history and the simplicity and ruthlessness of their instinctive way of life.

Mr. Emyr Humphreys's THE GIFT (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.) is a back-stage novel (see above) and an exceptionally entertaining one, if that isn't too obvious a term. The central figure is an actor of a certain distinction but not enough standing to give him the self-confidence he feels he should have. It is he who is the narrator, but the story is told, willy-nilly, partly from his point of view and partly from the angle of the people—fellow-actors, mistresses, producers—with whom he has daily business. Lively, well constructed and most knowledgeable in terms of the theatre and theatrical strategies.

PETER O'TOOLE and Harry Andrews discuss the script of Bertold Brecht's play *Baal* during rehearsals at the Phoenix Theatre in London. The first English version of *Baal* will begin its run at the Phoenix on February 7. It marks the return to the stage of Peter O'Toole after two years making the smash-hit film *Lawrence of Arabia*

DE GAULLE'S RETURN

The French Leader after the Liberation

The power of Charles de Gaulle in France is today beyond all doubt. His capacity for controversy remains undimmed, however, and no sooner does the world come to understand one of his complex purposes, than it is confronted with another. This man with a lofty view of history seems to have the rest of the world foxed for much of the time, but his designs are usually on the grand scale and those who accuse him of pettiness are probably very wide of the mark. In DE GAULLE BEFORE PARIS (Putnam. 35s.) Robert Aron describes the General's " D Day " landing in Normandy, and his subacid statement in reply to an invitation on stepping ashore. " We have not come to France to take lunch with Montgomery." What the General had come for is quickly revealed in this historic account of the days of the Liberation between June and August 1944. He had come to lead his troops down the Champs Elysées and, more than that, to organise France, commune by commune, in the wake of the invading allied armies. In those first days the General knit the forces of liberation and the forces of resistance to such an extent that when the aged Marshal Pétain tottered from the scene he declared, " I knew that de Gaulle was intelligent, but I never would have thought he could succeed in so splendid an undertaking." This is a sequel to Robert Aron's book *The Vichy Regime* and a worthy one indeed; for it shows a France, lately dishonoured, pushing up the threads anew in response to one man's will and her own proud vision of the future.

As de Gaulle himself knew only too well nothing was harder than the life of the war-time Governments in exile. Count Edward Raczynski, the Polish Ambassador in London from 1934 to 1945 and Acting Minister for Foreign Affairs from 1941 to 1943, wrote his diaries in the heat of the great conflict. IN ALLIED LONDON (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 36s.) he gives a detailed chronicle of events which will no doubt prove an important source book for historians of the Second World War. The author pays a glowing tribute to the British hospitality he still enjoys.

New Zealand has produced no more distinguished citizen than GENERAL LORD FREYBERG, V.C., who forms the subject of an unofficial and readable biography by Peter Singleton-Gates (Michael Joseph. 25s.). A man of fantastic courage and purposeful, unswerving character emerges from these pages. People have called Freyberg many things; Lord Chandos dubbed him " the human colander," so often has he been wounded; Churchill called him the Salamander of the British Empire; but most New Zealanders prefer to call him Tiny, as he was in his early days as a village dentist in Morrinsville.

A potent weapon in London's battle to overcome surface congestion is her underground railway. By extending it into the heart of the south London " bus belt " future chaos might well be avoided. This conclusion is well and truly brought home in this, the centenary year of London's first underground, by Alan A. Jackson and Desmond F. Croome, who have written a history of the system under the title RAILS THROUGH CLAY (Allen and Unwin. 45s.). One of the great thrusters behind the development was the American financier Charles Tyson Yerkes, whose respectable enterprise in London contrasted strangely with his doubtful activities in Chicago and Philadelphia. It was Yerkes, indeed, who planned the mighty generating station in Lots Road, Chelsea, which made the underground independent of public supply. This is a fascinating volume, and the authors are to be congratulated on the wealth of material they have so ably presented.

Chess and Contract Bridge are the two indoor games which probably demand most concentration and experience, games in which one never stops learning. CHESS WITH THE MASTERS (Thames and Hudson. 18s.) has been compiled by Martin Beheim from what he describes as one hundred classic games played between 1834 and 1962 from Anderssen and Kieseritzky to Tal and Botvinnick. In BRAINS IN BRIDGE (Constable. 21s.) Gerald Abrahams, who has already written one book on *The Chess Mind*, demonstrates various aspects of bidding and play by setting out the hands and showing how they should or should not have been dealt with.

Richard Edmonds

A WASTE OF PUBLIC MONEY (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.) is Mr. Robin Chapman's story about a 17-year-old boy with a tendency to violence, who is sacked from his grammar school, attempts to make his non-working way in his own part of South London and is finally caught up in the world of National Service and the Army. Through this circumstance he finds himself in an Ordnance Corps depot in Kenya, is affected but not basically changed by the vastness of the country in which he reluctantly serves and is shipped back to England and, specifically, Croydon where he resumes his own search for a livelihood through scheming and savagery. The young man tells his own story and the result is a moving, alarming, sometimes funny and indisputably cautionary tale.

Mr. Norman Thomas's first novel, ASK AT THE UNICORN (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.), is well described by the publishers as a book " for Welshmen especially," since it contains much of that verbal exuberance, that prejudice and that poetry which make part of the Welsh inheritance. The author quotes a poet's words with great effect, being himself Welsh born though almost all his life a resident in America:

" Wales which I have never seen,
Is gloomy, mountainous and green,
And as I judge from reading Borrow,
The people there rejoice in sorrow.
Dissenters most of them, and cranks,
Surly and churlish, grudging thanks,
Suspicious, dour, morose, perplexed,
And just a little oversexed."

But Mr. Thomas tells us a good deal more about the Welsh character—and his version of it—than this.

It must be tremendously difficult to follow such a resounding success as *From Here to Eternity* with a succession of worthy novels, though, with at least one of them, *The Pistol*, Mr. James Jones has made a praiseworthy attempt at consolidating his legend. Now, with THE THIN RED LINE (Collins. 25s.), Mr. Jones has again produced a full-length—or even slightly over-length—novel, which again deals with episodes set against the background of the Second World War, in this case specifically Guadalcanal. The author, as one sometimes forgets, was himself a regular soldier, serving near Pearl Harbour at the time of the Japanese attack there in 1941; was promoted, demoted and promoted and demoted again in the following three years and was wounded at the scene of his present story. In many respects he is therefore an authority, but, far more relevantly, he is a born writer who can set events in perspective before the reader, enhance their drama and draw personal conclusions. This is a weighty and impressive book for all its wordiness and, as M. Romain Gary has said, belongs to a vein of poetical realism.

The trouble with Mr. Barnaby Conrad's DANGERFIELD (Cassell. 16s.) is that anyone who ever knew the late Sinclair Lewis is going to be irritated by the close, if caricatured, likeness and that those who never had that privilege may well be bored by this tale of an irascible, ageing man whose integrity is set in the balance beside his choleric outbursts.

Not one, but a whole collection of thrillers this week in MURDER MIXTURE (Elek. 25s.), which includes no fewer than 31 stories, under the editorship of Miss Elizabeth Lee, and whose list of authors features, among others, such great names as Somerset Maugham, Conan Doyle, C. S. Forester, Phillips Oppenheim, Arnold Bennett and, more surprisingly, E. Nesbit.

DEATH OF A TOM (Cassell. 15s.), after a slow beginning, develops into an admirable story of police work as directed by an all-too-human Chief-Inspector. I would like to recommend Mr. Douglas Warner's book if only for the mounting tension of the final two chapters.

Vernon Fane

Sally Logan plays Lili in the British production of the American musical, *Carnival*, which opens at the Lyric, London, on February 8

CARNIVAL

Geraint Evans sings in the title role in Covent Garden's successful revival of their production of Verdi's opera. With Mr. Evans indisposed, Tito Gobbi took over the part last week

FALSTAFF

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Sir Eustace Smith

Sir Eustace Smith is Chairman and Managing Director of Smith's Dock Company Ltd., shipbuilders and ship-repairers on the Tyne and Tees. He joined the yard in 1922, becoming a Director in 1928, Assistant Managing Director in 1945 and Managing Director in 1952 before taking up his twin posts four years later. Born at Benton, Newcastle, in 1900, Thomas Eustace Smith was educated at Eton and Leeds University. He joined the Northumberland Hussars in 1922 to start a long military career; from 1942 to 1944 he commanded the 15th (Isle of Man) L.A.A. Regiment and from 1947-50 the Northumberland Hussars, of which he subsequently became Honorary Colonel. Sir Eustace has held most of the top positions in organisations of the shipbuilding industry. He is a past President of the North East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders; the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation; and the Shipbuilding Conference (for two successive years); and a past Chairman of the Tyne Shipbuilders' Association and has been chairman of the Tees Conservancy Commission since 1957. Last year he was elected Chairman of the British Ship Research Association. He was awarded the C.B.E. in 1956 and the K.B.E. last year. Married, with three daughters, Sir Eustace lives at Barton, Richmond, in Yorkshire. His recreations are shooting and fishing

IF NOT THE EEC, WHAT THEN?

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Very few British businessmen, in adjusting their policies during the last few years to the idea of operating inside the European Common Market, seem to have kept in mind any coherent alternative policy for circumstances in which Britain stays (or is kept) outside. This has not been a matter of the resolute but rather ridiculous posture which the Government long felt it necessary to maintain—refusing to admit that it was considering alternatives because this might weaken public support for entry, or offend the European Governments with which we have been negotiating. It has been simply pragmatic.

Most businessmen, whether they liked the prospect or not, have assumed that Britain would be accepted within the European Community. They made certain new dispositions on the basis of that assumption. Few companies here dispose of enough spare top management to consider more than in outline alternatives they do not expect. Many assumed that if we should not enter Europe, something like their current "mixture as before" of English-oriented business behaviour should suffice. Others assumed that larger upheavals in our circumstances might follow upon failure to get in, but that these were unpredictable, and too much a matter for the Government for it to be worth any single industry's while to try to anticipate them.

Talking with British management in the short time since General de Gaulle threw his spanner into the works of Brussels, I have found this last attitude the most general one. Opinions differ very widely about how seriously a rupture or an adjournment with little hope of eventual success would immediately affect the British economy. But until some positive policy on this question comes from the Government, business seems likely to remain even more uncertain than the ordinary man in the street (who has never taken the whole idea quite as seriously, perhaps, as businessmen have had to).

Uncertainty over the Common Market has often been cited, in recent months, as one major element causing businessmen to hold off plans for investment in expanding their capacity. How real this element has been as a reason for cutting capital expenditure is open to doubt—most people in industry whom I have discussed it with say bluntly that the main reason is that they have much more capacity than they can profitably employ. But, at any rate, failure to get into Europe will be unlikely to dispel the uncertainty; this will probably increase it.

Some businessmen I have met, already large-scale exporters to Europe, had already been considering the possibility of putting money into European factories or assembly plants even before the Government decided to apply for entry to the Common Market. The possibility of Britain's becoming, for tariff purposes, on all fours with the other Six European nations made this possibility, for one or two of them, less urgently interesting: they could consider expanding capacity at home, which might give them the same production more efficiently. It is possible, at least, that a rupture may dust off their European plans again: if we are going to be outside the common external tariff, they want some of their production for Europe to be inside it. But an end to that kind of uncertainty would mean more investment outside Britain, not inside it.

There are not many industries for which being in or out of Europe would make automatically significant changes in their commercial procedure. The British steel industry is one of these: it has spent much of the last 18 months considering how to adjust its pricing system, for example, to the wholly different system of prices used in the European Coal-Steel Community, which we have been negotiating to join along with the Common Market. Entry to the ECSC would also have meant sizeable changes in the Iron and Steel Board, which at present supervises the steel industry. The National Coal Board also faced changes in its pricing system; it does not agree that big changes might also be necessary in its internal organisation, as some European representatives have argued, but it would in any case have had to consider competition from imports under quite new conditions.

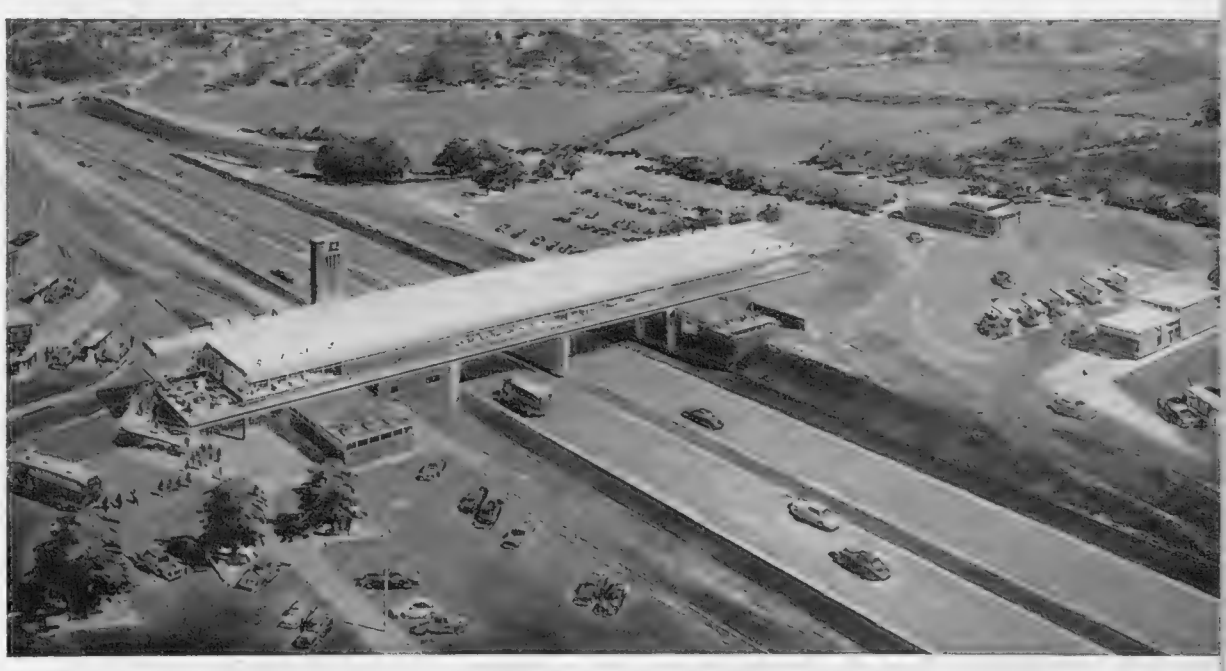
In or out, British businessmen still have to concern themselves with some obtrusive elements of European organisation — for example, its attitude towards agreements between firms. Over and above national legislation against monopolies and restrictive practices, the European Commission has imposed regulations concerning these possible distortions of business competition in a European framework; and it seeks to apply these not only to companies operating inside European countries, but to foreign firms doing business with European companies. Its regulations may or may not be onerous in their final effects: they are certainly difficult to understand, and the commission's explanations have made them no clearer.

Legislation against business agreements covering international trade has often been attempted by the more ambitious Government departments in the field, such as the American anti-trust authorities; but usually the foreign Governments concerned have simply directed their national companies not to co-operate. So far no foreign Government has taken this attitude to the European demand for registration of agreements; but there is not much sign that foreign firms have been co-operating very willingly with it, either, and the Federation of British Industries, for one, has protested at the ill-defined arbitrariness of its procedures.

But, in general, business reactions to a failure to get into Europe would have to wait, simply upon the Government's reactions—plus the immediate reactions, perhaps, of international investors. Since the first signs of a determined French attempt to break the negotiations down, the dignified pretence of not considering any alternatives has gone by the board, and a good deal of overtime has been worked in the back rooms of Whitehall.

One blueprint for internal growth happened already to be to hand—the report on "four per cent. growth" prepared for the National Economic Development Council. The office that serves "Neddy" did most of its forward projection upon the assumptions that Britain would join the Common Market; but some at least of its top economists are known not to believe in such a policy, and it would be strange therefore if the alternative had not received some broad consideration as well. In any case, the report looks mainly inward, though postulating a pretty high rate of increase in exports; and it is concerned with measures to stimulate expansion within the British economy as a whole and within 16 representative industries in particular.

Any larger initiatives concerning Britain's future trading position in the world, if the European possibility has to be put out of court, however, must come from the Government; Neddy can help little on these external questions. Problems like a possible new relationship with the Commonwealth, tariff cuts for the United States and any other like-minded countries, export subsidies or special tax advantages to maintain the high rate of exports we shall need whether in or out of Europe, and our links with the "other Europe" of EFTA—all these would need rapid decisions and resolute action from Whitehall, before British industry could usefully seek to re-align its business planning. This article was written before the Council of Ministers' meeting in Brussels which had the options of bringing the matter to a head or finding some face-saving formula for adjournment. Its outcome could face Britain with the certainty of rejection, or leave us still suspended. But this climax to the long exercise in Brussels will almost certainly have concentrated our minds wonderfully; and it will not have left Europe unchanged, either.



An artist's impression of the proposal by the Ross Group Ltd. for a bridge on the London-Yorkshire motorway, which has been accepted by the Ministry of Transport. The bridge incorporates a restaurant, and other catering facilities, and is flanked by petrol stations, repair shops and vehicle parks. Construction will start next November and the development, three miles from Leicester, is to be ready in late 1964 when the north extension of the M.1 is to be opened

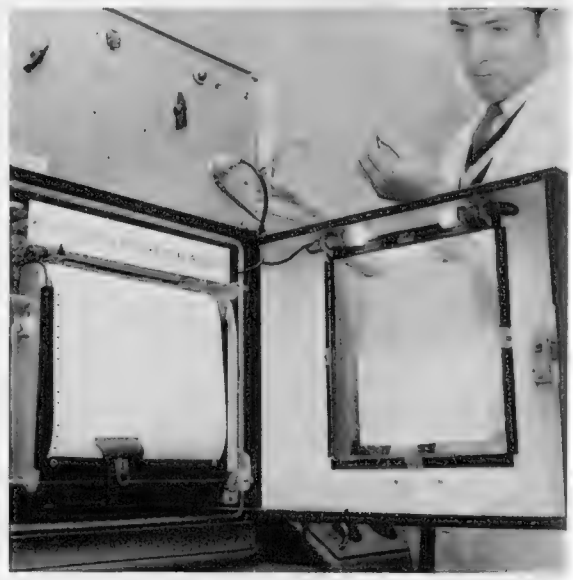
OIL AND CHEMISTRY

Photographs by Desmond O'Neill

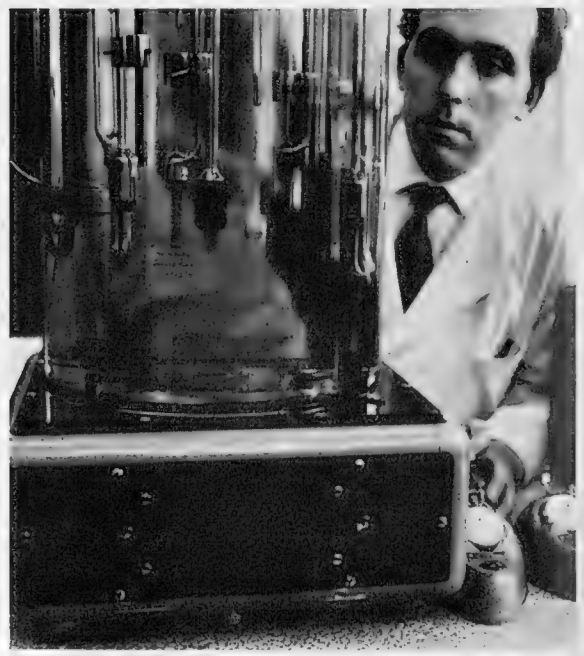
The oil industry invests millions of pounds every year in research. Castrol, at their research establishment at Hayes, Middlesex, carry out work on lubricants for every type of transport and industry. Since the end of the war, the volume of research into lubricating oil has more than trebled. If technical advances continue at their present rate, it seems likely that the next few years will see considerably more expansion. To meet this, Castrol are shortly to move their research activities to a larger centre which is now under construction at Bracknell in Berkshire. In the field of lubricating oils, research is being largely concentrated on work in additives, the chemicals which confer on lubricants the ability to combat oxidisation, wear and corrosion, to keep an engine clean and to perform efficiently under wide temperature ranges. Chemistry is becoming more and more important—some advanced oils, particularly in the aviation field, have now become entirely synthetic in their composition.

New types of lubricant are proved in the Engine Test Department—an engineer examines a piston taken from a diesel engine after the completion of a test

Testing extreme pressure additives—the machine determines at which point oil breaks down and metal surfaces weld together as the balls in the forceps have done



Analysing a complex chemical additive with the help of the technique of gas chromatography



The determination of viscosity is an important step in the control of lubricant quality

any difficulties have to be overcome when the manufacturing process for a new chemical additive is enlarged full production scale. Most of these problems are solved by the use of a pilot manufacturing plant as here

Collecting a fraction during distillation at reduced temperatures while researching into a new additive. **Centre:** Preparing to determine the alkali reserve in a used diesel oil. (Many highly stressed engine oils contain alkali additives to neutralise the acidic products of combustion.) **Right:** Another stage in analysing a lubricant

The *Doric Ferry*, the fourth specially built " drive on/drive-off " vessel for the Transport Ferry Service, constructed by the Ailsa Shipbuilding Co. Ltd.

Lounge and bar on board the *Cerdic Ferry*

The dining saloon of the *Doric Ferry*

A de luxe cabin on the *Cerdic Ferry*

"BY ROAD" ACROSS THE SEA

The Transport Ferry Service of the Atlantic Steam Navigation Co. Ltd. is based on the use of " drive-on/drive-off " vessels for carrying commercial vehicles to the Continent and Ireland. It enables firms to deliver goods across the sea using the same lorry or trailer throughout. Last year the fourth specially designed vessel for the company—the *Doric Ferry*—came into service. Basically the principle employed has evolved from the use of Tank Landing Ships (LSTs) in the Second World War. In 1946 the company acquired three LSTs, converted them, and put them into service between Tilbury and Hamburg, carrying vehicles and equipment for British Forces in Germany. Two years later the first such service for commercial vehicles was begun when one of the LSTs started work on the Preston/Larne route to Northern Ireland. This one ship, making two crossings a week in each direction, carried 5,000 vehicles, trailers and containers (200,000 tons of cargo) in the first year.

Success on this route convinced the Transport Ferry Service of the potential demand for a Continental service. In the spring of 1956 a service to Antwerp was opened. Later sailings began to Rotterdam, and the company now maintains two crossings weekly to Rotterdam and three to Antwerp. In 1957 the first vessel specifically designed to carry commercial vehicles—the *Bardic Ferry*—entered service, joined a year later by her sister ship *Ionic Ferry*. They were designed on the principle of the LSTs, but are loaded through the stern, have greater speed and incorporate extra passenger accommodation. The two later ships—*Cerdic Ferry* and *Doric Ferry*—are slightly larger, with room for about 100 vehicles and 30 containers. There is accommodation for 35 passengers. The Ferry Service reckons to be able to unload 70 vehicles and load a further 70 onto one of these ships within the space of three to four hours. Using the service, it is possible to drive a lorry direct from Birmingham to Moscow in about seven days.

Cars leave the *Bardic Ferry* on arrival at Tilbury from the Continent. She can carry from 80 to 85 vehi

A huge York Trailer is driven off the *Cerdic Ferry* at Tilbury

An escalator for a Belfast store is driven aboard the *Ionic Ferry* at Preston

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

BUSY BUILDERS

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

An inquiry recently carried out by the Ministry of Public Building and Works reveals that builders and developers plan to start about 10 per cent. more houses during 1963 than in 1962. This estimate is based on replies received from builders and also from developers who do not carry on building businesses. Last year private developers started houses at an annual rate of about 190,000. A 10 per cent. increase would therefore point to a rise of 20,000 housing starts during 1963, raising the total to 210,000.

Britain's building developers, as opposed to the materials suppliers, tend to be medium-sized units often concentrated in a particular area. The greater part of the developers' assets consists of land and houses under construction. Their profitability depends to a large extent on skill in choosing sites and in keeping down costs on the houses they sell. This places special emphasis on management control, and it is the need for this control which seems to have prevented even the larger regional developers from expanding to a national scale.

One of the largest building developers is Ideal Building and Land Development Co., headed by the well-known City financier Mr. Harley Drayton. With assets now exceeding £6,000,000, Ideal Building has shown a steadily increasing profit trend over recent years. From just over £100,000, after tax, in the calendar year 1957, equity earnings more than doubled to £232,000 in 1961. Speaking last summer, Mr. Drayton reported that sales for 1962 had then shown a satisfactory increase, and even with adverse weather conditions he went on record with his disappointment if results did not improve on 1961. Shareholders have benefited from this expansion with a dividend increase from 12½ per cent. in 1957 to the current level of 15 per cent. This rate has been maintained over the last four years, but there are hopes that the Ideal board may increase shareholders' payment for the year just ended. The ending of the credit squeeze should ease the group's financing problems, while the greater supply of building society funds should increase overall demand. Ideal Building's last balance-sheet showed that about £2,500,000 was invested in building land and stocks and work in progress.

Property developers tend to concentrate in the fastest growing and relatively most prosperous areas, and two of the best-known development groups operate in Southern England and around Birmingham. These are: Union Property Holdings, which is headed by Mr. Maxwell Joseph and whose board includes Mr. Lewis Cohen of the Alliance Building Society; and Dares Estates, which is centred on Birmingham and was made public about a year ago.

Union Property, now a £5,000,000 group with profits of more than £300,000 in 1961-62, achieved its present size only recently. Over the past two years the group has sold its large estate around the Victoria area of London, concluded a long-term financing link with the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society, and acquired Mr. Lewis Cohen's property interests and the Sterling Homes Building group. Given these far-reaching changes, the current year's results will be difficult to compare precisely with those of recent periods. But the City is hoping that Mr. Joseph and his co-directors may be able to raise shareholders' dividends above their current 50 per cent. level. The sale of the Victoria estate provided useful extra finance, while in May of last year Union Property received its first £1,000,000 of finance from Norwich Union.

For Dares Estates, similarly, no long profit record has yet been established for the group as a public company. But here again the City is expecting improved profits for 1961-62. Last summer Mr. H. Dare and his co-directors announced that turnover for the first nine months had shown an increase and they expected that the trading and investment surplus would be up to expectations. The directors have forecast a final dividend of a minimum 8 per cent., making a 13 per cent. total for 1961-62. Prospectus details published early last year showed that profits had more than doubled in the five years to 1961 from just over £80,000, before tax, to more than £180,000.

Any investor buying shares in a development company could also consider a stake in one of the concerns likely to benefit from Government spending in the development districts. One of these companies is North British Properties, based on Newcastle, which is taking over an important North-East firm of private house developers, namely John T. Bell and Sons, also of Newcastle. This acquisition has transformed North British, for it has brought into the group a company with net assets of close to £1,000,000 and—in its latest financial year—earning more than £300,000 before tax. Mr. John Bell and his co-directors of North British, who also control John T. Bell and Sons, have stated that if demand for houses is maintained the Bell development company owns sufficient land with planning permission to continue building on the present scale for at least five years. This group should be a major beneficiary from Government plans to expand activities and employment in the North-East.

Developers' shares will appeal mainly to investors who look for above-average income, even if this involves some extra risk. Ideal Building shares, probably of widest appeal in this group, can be bought to yield more than 5½ per cent. Union Property ordinaries, now selling well below recent years' peak levels, give rather more than 5 per cent.

The winner of the rally, Erik Carlsson, in his Saab, slides round a hairpin bend on one of the final stages of the route to Monte Carlo

THE MONTE CARLO RALLY

Erik Carlsson (left) at Monte Carlo

The bitter weather, with snow and ice-bound roads, made this year's Monte Carlo, the 32nd to be held, one of the most hazardous ever. For the second year running the Swedish driver Erik Carlsson, in his specially prepared, front-wheel-drive Saab, won the rally outright, only the second time this feat has been achieved. (M. Vasselle in a Hotchkiss did it in 1932 and 1933.) It was a Scandinavian triumph this year, with Finns taking second and third places in the provisional results, and a Swedish woman, Mrs. E. Rosqvist, who finished 16th overall in a Mercedes, winning the Coupe des Dames. For Britain, Mini-Coopers did well, finishing third and sixth, the latter driven by P. Hopkirk.

The Sunbeam Rapier of Peter Harper and Ian Hall in the snow

The Finnish-entered Mercedes of O. Vilkase on the Col de la Schlucht

Peter Riley and Tony Nash in a Ford Zodiac take a hairpin bend

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MOTORING

A DRIVE IN THE ROVER TURBOCAR

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

I have just been for a long drive in the Rover Company's turbine-engined saloon—the T4. This is a purely experimental car and not necessarily a production prototype. Rover chiefs told me during my recent visit to their factory at Solihull, Warwickshire, that there will be no decision whether or not to put the turbocar into even limited production until further tests later this year with a modified T4. This will look the same, but will have a more powerful engine and a two-speed gearbox to improve the car's get-away from a standing start. I think that it will be a long time yet before turbine-engined cars are seen on the roads of Britain in any great numbers, but the T4 gave me a brand of motoring which I find very exciting.

This experimental Rover is not just another car. It gives its driver a distinctly futuristic impression with its purposeful whine, fast-revving engine, strange set of instruments, perfectly smooth transmission all the way up and down the speed range—and the faint smell of paraffin you get outside the car.

I went out with Mr. Tony Worster, project engineer for the Rover turbocar programme,

The interior of the Rover turbo-engined T4

and soon found, on icy roads, that the T4's system of front-wheel drive and independent suspension on all four wheels gives first-class roadholding and cornering. The T4 has a top speed of 105 m.p.h. at a compressor speed of 60,000 r.p.m. Cruising at 60 m.p.h. the compressor tachometer gives a reading of 45,000 (compared with a peak engine speed of less than 5,000 r.p.m. in the case of Rover's piston-engined three-litre model).

You start the engine with the usual sort of ignition key, with one turn to produce the current and another to operate the starter motor. When the engine starts it gradually increases speed until it reaches its pre-set "idling" speed of 40,000 r.p.m. This rather fast setting has been adopted to give a quick get-away by cutting out the time lag which would otherwise occur while the engine speed was building up. The nozzle blades of the T4's compressor turbine have two different settings: full-flow and idling. The idling position is an economy setting so the turbine is not exactly gobbling up paraffin at its 4,000 r.p.m. "tick-over."

When you press the accelerator pedal to get under way, a micro-switch automatically turns the compressor blades to their full-flow setting. Whenever you take your foot off the accelerator they automatically return to their economy "idling" position. Once you have started the engine of a turbocar the mixture of air and fuel becomes self-igniting and in the case of the T4 the single sparking plug becomes "dead" at about 22,000 r.p.m., at which speed the starter motor also goes out of action.

On the right-hand side of the dashboard is a little lever you push in for forward motion and pull out to engage reverse. There is no clutch pedal and the brake and accelerator controls are so positioned as to provide easy "toeing and heeling," a technique which is desirable with the T4, in its present state of development and its complete lack of engine braking, to enable the car to overtake other vehicles quickly and safely.

If you let your engine speed die away when waiting your chance to overtake a slower vehicle you can't build up the revs, on swinging out to overtake, as quickly as a piston-engined car. By keeping your heel on the brake pedal and your toe on the throttle you can keep the engine at, say, 40,000 r.p.m. and control the brake at the same time. Even using this overtaking technique and the fast "idling" arrangement I have already referred to, the T4 gives a fuel consumption—using ordinary household paraffin—of between 16 and 19 m.p.g.

Two instruments in the turbocar which are strange to normal motoring eyes are the rev-counter for the compressor turbine—previously referred to—and the jet pipe temperature gauge. The latter, I was told, may not be fitted to production models as it is likely they will have a special thermostatic control to cut down the speed of the engine automatically to a safe level if the jet pipe gets too hot.

It is quite common for the jet pipe temperature reading to show 700 deg.C! The air is sucked in through ducts around the dual headlamps, passed through two filters under the wings and then fed through flexible rubber hoses of large diameter to the compressor housing. After passing through the compressor the air rushes through a multiplicity of small pipes in the two heat exchangers. In so doing the air attracts heat from exhaust gases fed through another network of adjoining pipes before these spent gases are finally ejected through a single exhaust pipe which, under the car's boot, bifurcates into a pair of outlets to check the velocity of the gases and so avoid complaints from pedestrians and other road users.

The function of the heat exchangers is to use some of the energy of the exhaust gases—which would otherwise be wasted—to warm the air before it goes into the combustion chamber to mix with the paraffin. This helps to solve one of the turbine's biggest problems: its big fuel thirst.

In the U.S. Chrysler, who appear to have at least caught up with Rover on turbocar development, use the exhaust gas to pre-heat the air in a different way. In their Dodge Turbo Dart, which was publicly demonstrated in France and England last autumn, they use a regenerator or rotary heat exchanger instead of the honeycomb affair favoured by Rover. This, in effect, is a kind of disc which, while revolving, collects heat from the exhaust gases and then transfers it to the air passing from the compressor to the combustion chamber.

Chrysler claim that the engines in the 50 or so pre-production turbocars they plan to build this year for "a selected clientele" at a subsidised price will, with a three-speed gearbox, give a performance equal to, or better than, that of a comparable piston engine. Included in this claim are such factors as fuel economy, noise level and top gear engine braking. Built in comparable numbers, say Chrysler engineers, the Turbo Dart need cost no more than a piston-engined car designed to do the same sort of work.

The American firm appears to be ahead of Rover in the provision of engine braking, lack of which was a noticeable feature of my trip in the T4. Chrysler have tackled this problem by inserting, between the compressor and power turbines, an infinitely variable ring of nozzles which are regulated automatically by the

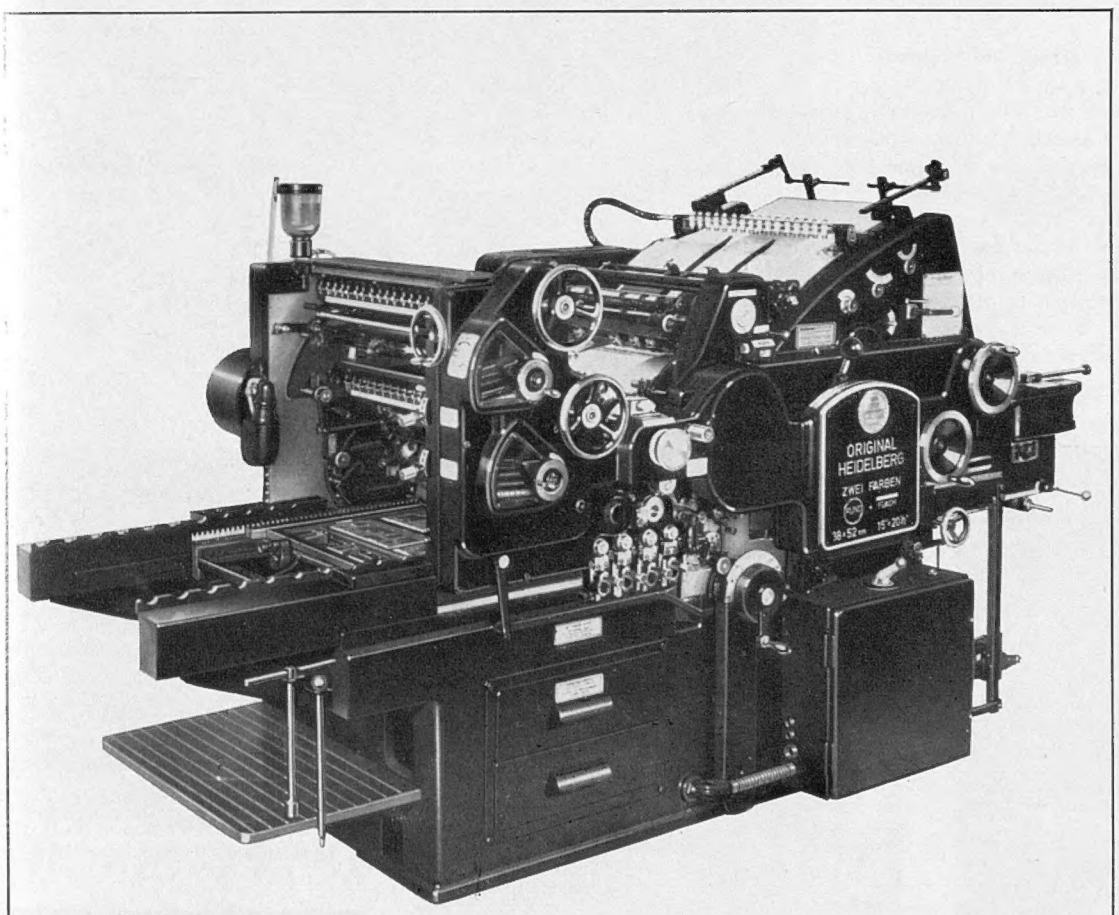
Underneath the bonnet of the T4 is a complicated mass of machinery

The Rover T4 has a " pleasing, stylish shape." This purely experimental car has a top speed of 105 m.p.h.

accelerator. With the throttle closed, the air flow is directed onto the backs of the power turbine blades to give a useful degree of restraint.

Design of the latest Rover turbocar engines stems directly from the experience gained since 1954 by Rover Gas Turbines Ltd.—a subsidiary of the car firm—in the development of gas turbines for industrial and other specialised uses. Under the direction of Mr. G. Searle it has built and sold a total of 580 units, 59 per cent. of which have been exported. Among them were 75 fire pumps and 150 instructional sets—working models to demonstrate the functioning of a turbine to students of many different kinds. U.S. universities have taken 35 of these instructional sets.

The body used for the T4 turbocar has such a pleasing, stylish shape that it would not be surprising if the Rover company either adopted or adapted it for a new piston-engined model.



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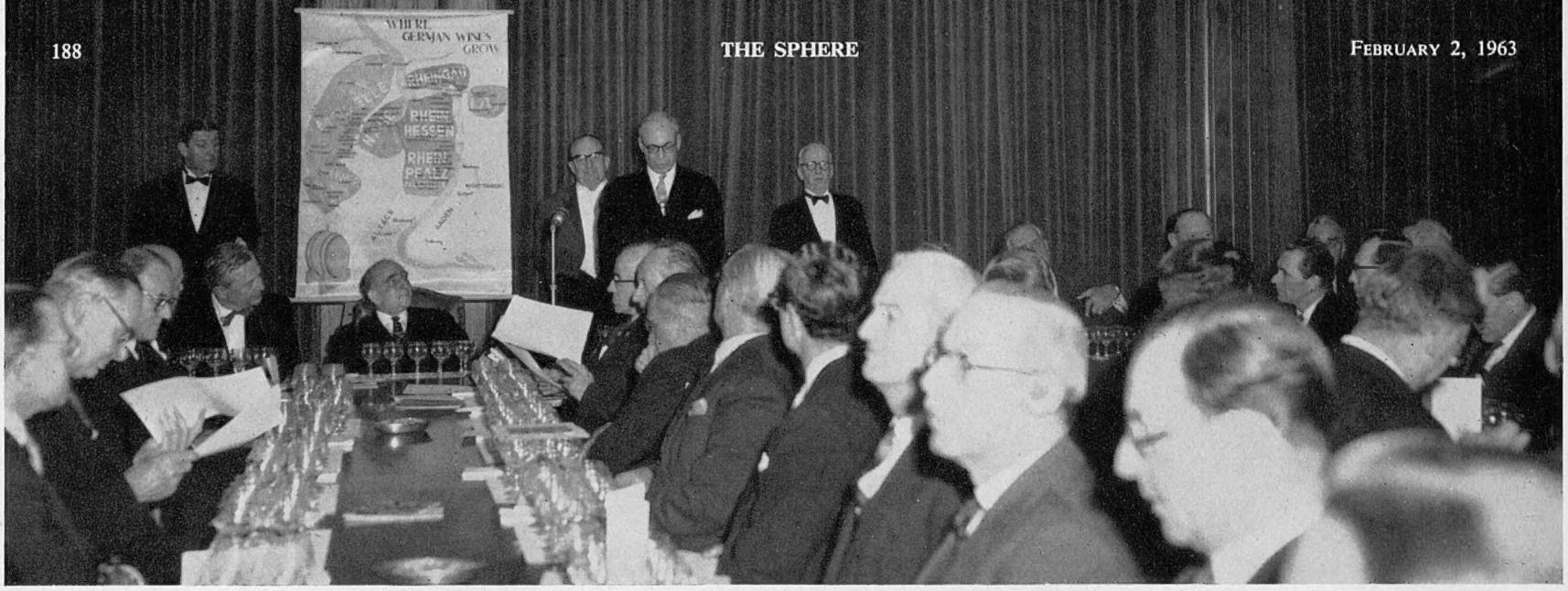


Guests at the wine-tasting, held at Guildhall in London, arranged by the Rhine and Moselle Wine Shippers Association. Mr. Walter Sichel is making his commentary

GOOD LIVING *By Ganymede*

The Rhine and Moselle Wine Shippers Association in conjunction with their members' German principals gave a magnificent show at London's Guildhall to popularise their wines. I have been to many wine-tastings in my time, but I can safely say that for showmanship and lavish presentation alone this would have been the tasting to end all tastings. There was more to it than that.

The ten wines were the best examples that could be found. This was not surprising, for, as we were told by the presiding chairman of the association, Mr. G. W. Thoman, they had been selected with the greatest care. Members of the association were asked to submit samples of their best wines, and these were tasted blind. The anonymity of the chosen ten was carried still further: even during the tasting they were poured out of bottles unmarked with their shippers' name. I suppose, with a little trouble, one could track down the names of the shippers, for individual German wines are usually not shipped by more than one firm. Another clue we were given during the tasting was their approximate retail value.

There was none of the usual display of wines at tables, of tasters wandering from one to the next clutching their glass, and the difficulty of tasting one wine against another. No, this tasting was arranged in the ideal way, which, I suppose, is only possible if space, equipment and cost are not limited.

The most outstanding feature of this unusual occasion was the running commentary given by Mr. Walter Sichel with incredible virtuosity. There he stood at his lectern talking to us about each wine in turn, peppering his talk with remarks on history, topography and legend. Now and then he would raise his hand, without interruption of the flow of his talk, as a signal for the next wine to be brought on and poured into our glasses.

As he pointed out at the beginning of his brilliant commentary, there were 2,000 empty wine glasses, 400 dry eyes and 200 dry palates as we were seated at tables in the beautiful Livery Hall ready for the tasting to begin.

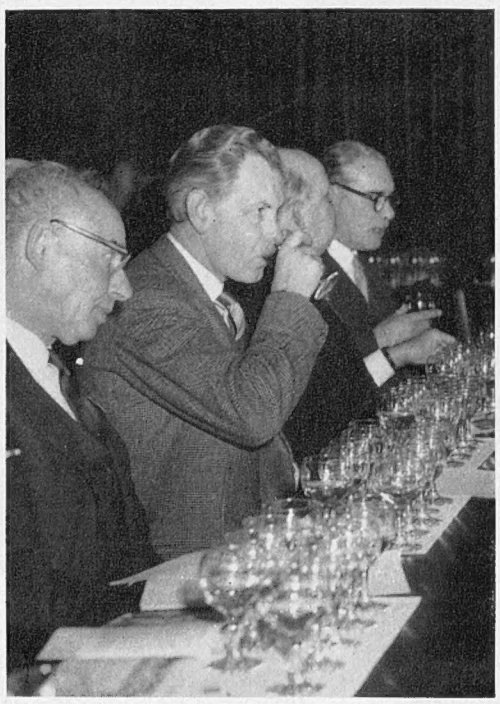
The first wine was a young, light but refreshing Moselle, a wonderful quencher of a summer thirst, the 1961 *Drhoner Roterd Riesling* at the modest retail price of 13s.-15s. All the rest were of the 1959 vintage, and number two was from the Ruver (a tributary of the Moselle), the *Avelsbacher Domherrenberg Spaetlese*, which showed finesse, fine bouquet, good body with a " steely " elegance. As Mr. Sichel pointed out, " its fruity acidity has helped to preserve the charm and youth." (Retail value 20s.-22s. 6d.) The *Berncasteler Badstube Feine Auslese* was an example of the finest from the Moselle, with a sweetness balanced by body and acidity. This retails at 28s.-30s.

Coming to the Rhine we again started with a simple wine, the *Oppenheimer Goldberg*. Made from Sylvaner grapes, it was typical of the Rheinhessen, home of all the Liebfraumilch. Retails at 14s.-15s. *Hochheimer Daubhaus* from the Rheingau clearly showed the difference between the two areas. It has a slightly smoky taste with a good dry finish (17s. 6d.-19s.). *Schloss Boeckelheimer Heimberg Riesling* is a lovely wine from the Nahe River with a flinty taste, great finesse, one of the slightly " fizzy " (spritzig) wines from this river (24s.-26s.).

The next was a " steinwein " from a typical bocksbeutel bottle: *Wuerzburger Jesuitenstein Riesling Spaetlese*, an elegant wine with a fine bouquet and less acidity than most German wines (24s. 6d.-26s.). A full Palatinate wine, *Forster Ungeheuer Riesling Spaetlese*, continued the cavalcade, a luscious, yet by no means over-sweet, example of this rich-soiled region (27s.-29s.).

As our mentor pointed out, the next, *Hattenheimer Schuetzenhaus Riesling Auslese*, has not yet reached its peak, but its perfect balance of sweetness and acidity made it a wine with a great future (30s.-32s.).

And so we reached the climax in our progression, a golden, honey-scented, great, fruity masterpiece from the Rheingau, the *Erbacher Honigberg Cabinet Beeren Auslese*. This is not cheap by any standards, but to its admirers and lovers worth every penny of its retail price of about 90s. a bottle.



Major Henry Sherek, the German Ambassador Herr von Etzdorf, Mr. Thoman and Sir Mortimer Wheeler

At the wine-tasting are, from left, Alderman Lionel Denny, Lord Goddard, the German Ambassador in London, Mr. G. W. Thoman and Mr. W. Sichel. **Centre:** Trying one of the wines. **Right:** Lord Boothby and Dr. Rudolf Thierfelder of the German Embassy

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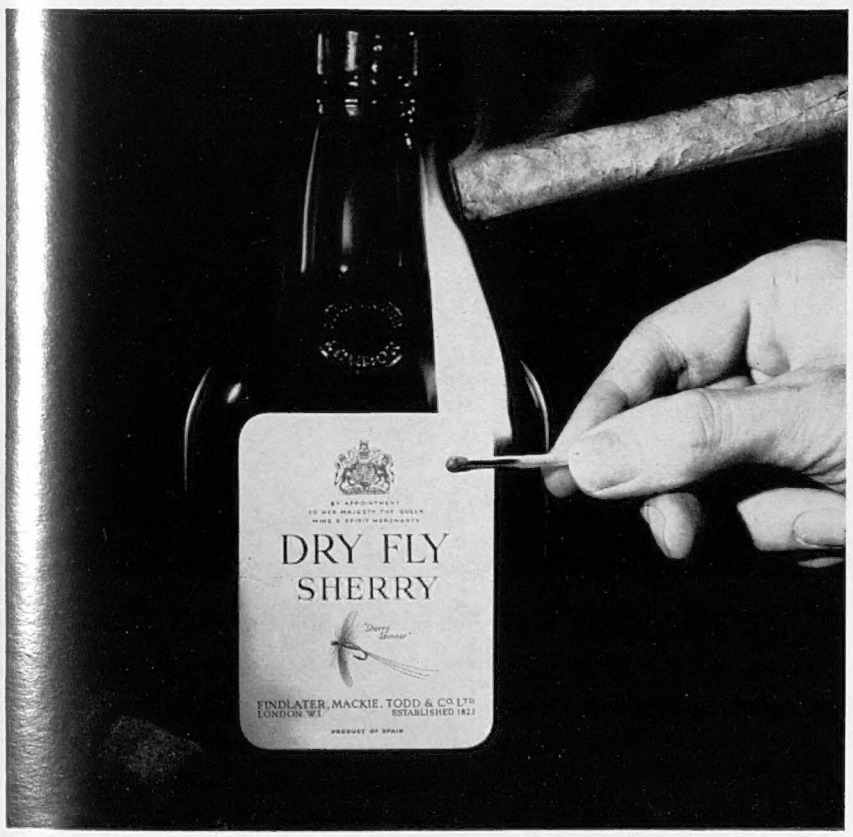
Information: Swiss National Tourist Office, 458 Strand, London, W.C.2, or Official Information Offices, Lugano, Locarno, Ascona or Brissago.



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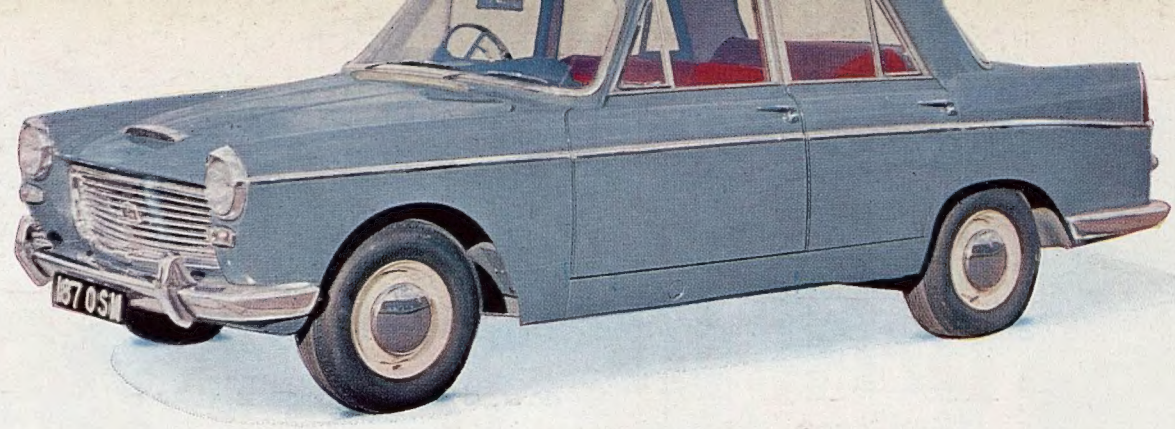

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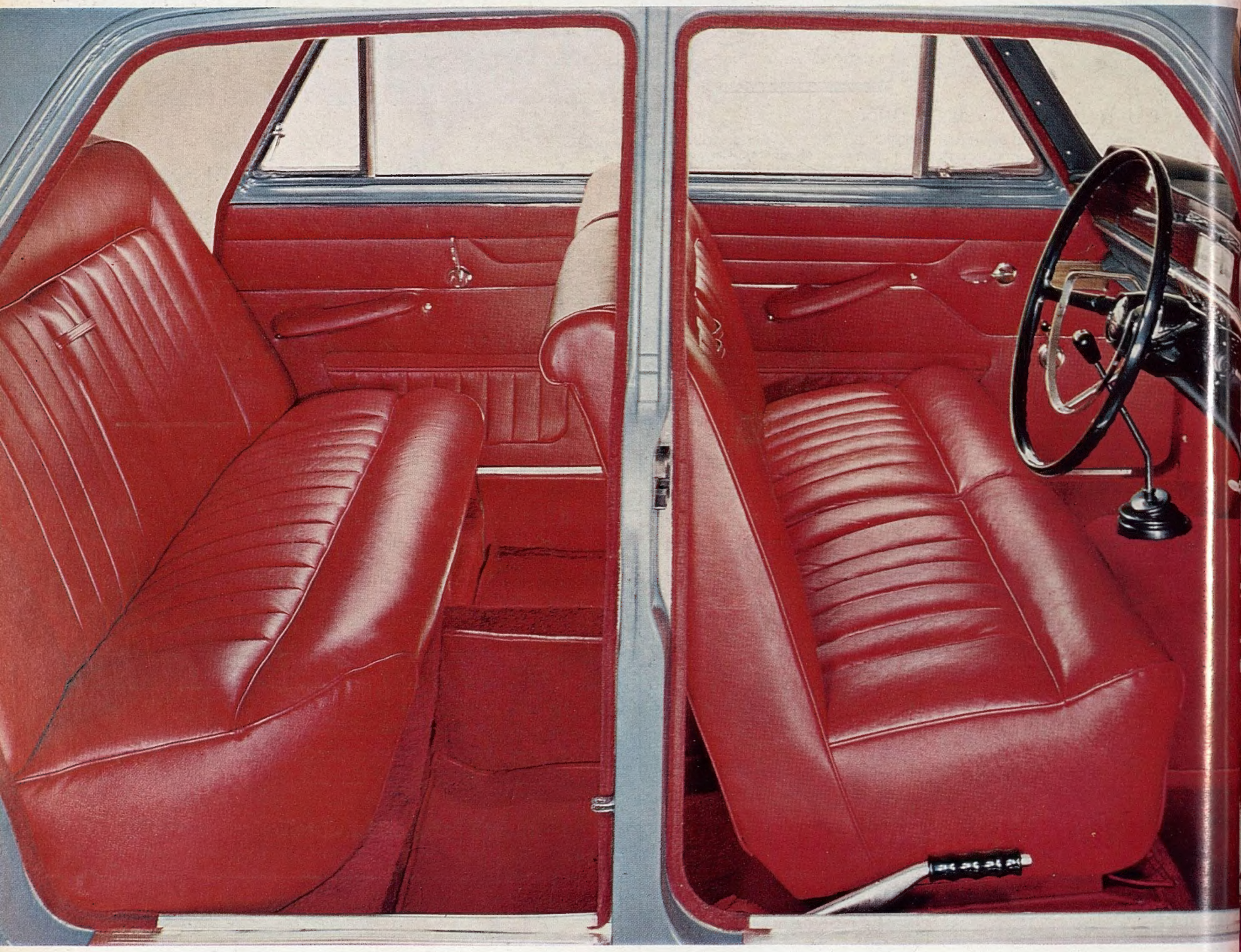

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